NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Unknown Lectures of George F. Kennan

No Progress for Youth

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Sophisms—and Some Uneasiness

COLIN CLARK

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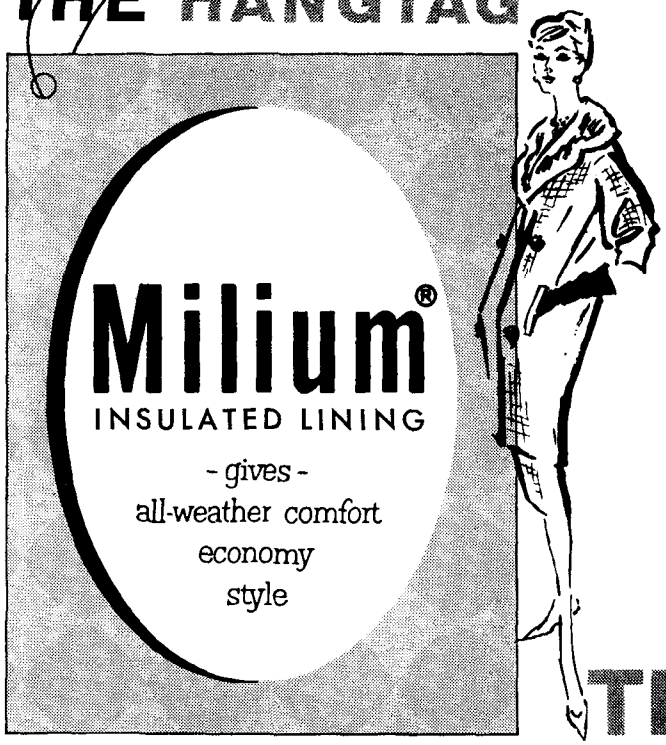

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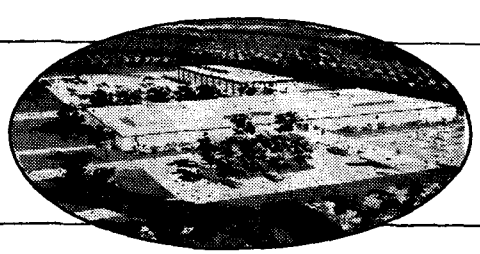

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we feature a report on what might well be called the Hidden Lectures of **George Kennan.** It was back in 1954 that he gave them—in German, in Germany. He had recently been expelled by Stalin as U.S. Ambassador to Russia, and was definitely feeling the pain. His indictment of Roosevelt's foreign policy is as vigorous as any we've seen . . . **George Sokolsky** writes wisely and eloquently about the decline in the spirit of youth and reduces many contemporary phenomena to understandable terms. Mr. Sokolsky is recovered from his heart attack, and has resumed his role as Omnipresence Plenipotentiary in New York.

➔ For years we have been invited to wait and view Nixon Unbound—Nixon developing and pursuing his own policies free of the restraints of Mr. Eisenhower. The moment has come, says Mr. **Bozell,** who goes on to have a long and searching look . . . **James Burnham** writes about ideology and common sense, and speaks sanely about the madness of American foreign policy. It is not a speech he will be invited to read to the UN, though it would take only ten minutes . . . **William Buckley** complains that college students mumble. An alternate possibility is that he's growing deaf . . . **Russell Kirk** discusses the National Defense Act, the subterfuge panicked through Congress after Sputnik, by which the federal government instituted an aid-to-education program which has very little to do with national defense. Mr. Kirk, by the way, has brought out the first issue of *The University Bookman,* which all of you will be receiving free of charge at about the time you get this issue.

➔ **Colin Clark,** the distinguished Australian economist who teaches at Oxford, examines Professor Galbraith's gallimaufry, *The Liberal Hour.* Mr. Clark is pleased to note traces of uneasiness in Mr. Galbraith's restatement of his blissful theory of economics. Among other things, Mr. Clark is principal economic adviser to the Econometric Institute in New York. They have there a machine of sorts which only Mr. Clark and one or two other geniuses know how to play. It recently answered the question, Is the United States about to have a depression, with a firm, unfaltering No . . . **Thomas J. Anderson** is the tough-talking and witty editor of *Farm and Ranch,* a farm journal that believes in getting the government out of farming and even so is read by over a million farm families. He discusses the new book by Secretary Benson . . . **Ralph de Toledano,** who continues to do his column for King Features, writes about the great and recently recorded masses of Tomás Luís de Victoria . . . In the next issue we will publish an original poem of Ezra Pound. The next but one will be our Fifth Anniversary issue, which we hope to distribute at the dinner our friends are giving for us at the Plaza Hotel on October 27 (see p. 196). ➔

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The WEEK

● From a reader: "Couldn't we work for a movement to get the ballots fixed up so that under each name would be something like

'Wholeheartedly for'
'Mildly acceptable'
'Lesser of two gross evils'

—then we could vote for the lesser—since one is going to be President. But after the tally is made, perhaps the elected one won't go about like some Moses, with the sanctimonious look of the Finger of God upon him, claiming that he has an eternal mandate."

● Our man in Texas informs us that the big-city press is wide of the mark in assuming that Lyndon Johnson will be a Senator if he's not Vice President. Down in Texas, it seems, Johnson has a real fight on his hands, and with John Tower (Rep.) running for the Senate against him the present race is the closest in any general election in Texas history. Many Texans feel that Johnson has sold out both Texas and the South for his own personal ambition. (They are right.)

● Admiral Arthur W. Radford told the Chicago Regional Strategy Seminar that the free world "must aim for total victory over the Communist system—not stalemate." He warned that "the minute we become satisfied with the status quo, we have started down the road to defeat. Maintenance of strength on our part is a condition precedent to victory. In any prolonged stalemate, [the Communists] will win." The former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff also noted that "Communists will never use armed forces if there is reasonable chance of victory through other means," and remarked that "I for one wish we wouldn't tell them quite so often that they have nothing to fear from an attack by us."

● While diplomats in New York talked of disarmament, the U.S. Navy launched the world's largest and most powerful ship. The aircraft carrier *Enterprise*, displacing more than 83,000 tons, is powered by eight nuclear reactors that enable her to circle the world twenty times without refueling. The splash she made coming down the ways was a soothing counterpart to the words of the Castros, Titos and Khrushchevs.

● Last week in Geneva the two-year-old negotiations on a nuclear test ban were resumed after a five-week recess. And right off, the United States offered another—our umpteenth—compromise concession. This time the U.S. proposes a 27-month moratorium on tests of small underground nuclear explosions (which are, to date, undetectable), the moratorium to go into effect as soon as a treaty banning all other types of nuclear weapons tests is signed. Meanwhile, no tests—at least not on *this* side of the Iron Curtain. And no indication from Candidate Kennedy, who claims our defenses are weak, or Candidate Nixon, who says they are strong but should be stronger, that the one sure way to improve them is to get on with the tests.

● It was an obviously uncomfortable and apprehensive group who assembled at New York's Hotel Biltmore last week to attend Cyrus Eaton's private luncheon for Khrushchev. Many of the 160 who showed up (250 had been invited) were there as command-performance representatives of Mr. Eaton's many railroad, mining and steel interests; others, who may be beholden to Mr. Eaton in a business way, were presumably loath to dare the displeasure of the great tycoon. According to the reporters who were admitted after food had been eaten (some climbed the fire stairways to get there), the applause for Khrushchev's speech was scattered, and a proposed toast to the host never came off. Mr. Eaton, though not technically in violation of any law in staging the luncheon, was, of course, guilty of putting good men on an unpleasant spot in bidding them to be present. Many of the guests may have felt they were engaged in something close to treason in welcoming the dictator who has sworn to bury us—a consideration which was quite lost on a man of Mr. Eaton's blunted sense of the fit way to deal with a bloody tyrant who would welcome the total collapse of every institution that has helped make the great tycoon his fortune, and that gives him the freedom to deny the wishes, nay the vital interests, of the nation that protects him.

● While the UN vedettes jostle for camera coverage, and the orators drone on about the Future of Africa, the Congo is being reduced, each day, closer to the jungle from which it was lifted by a century's endeavors. A reading of the report from Rajeshwar Dayal, the Indian who replaced Ralph Bunche as Dag Hammarskjold's field deputy, suggests that the Congolese have more to worry about than the antics of Lumumba. "Acute economic distress . . . almost complete lack of civil servants . . . country-wide breakdown in arrangements for distributing food . . . ominous threat of a smallpox and plague epidemic, malaria and filariasis cases . . . transportation uncertain . . . health services can no longer be maintained . . . tendency of prices to rise . . . low level

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of production, high unemployment . . . lack of security and order, the breakdown of the administrative machinery, absence of a judiciary . . . breakdown of tax collection, depletion of the treasury . . . disruption of security organs including the army and the police . . ." Mr. Dayal, as an up and coming bureaucrat of the New Frontier (international section), naturally omits any backward glance: to even so close a past as four months ago, when the Congo was an orderly, healthful, prospering society, with literacy rapidly rising, the highest wages in Africa, and products that were contributing to the well-being of nearly every nation of the free world.

● In the Laos affair, the political triangulation seems plain enough. *A.* The Communist Pathet Lao, backed by North Vietnam and Communist China, is driving to take over the two northern provinces. *B.* In the south, the neutralist government of Prince Souvanna Phouma has invited the Pathet Lao to join the Cabinet: *i.e.*, has proposed a Popular Front. *C.* The anti-Communist General Phoumi Nosavan, refusing to accept this capitulation, breaks from the government, and is in the west with his troops, trying to fight his way through Souvanna Phouma's forces in order to get at the Pathet Lao. But it is never so mathematical in Laos. Nearly everyone is related to everyone else, for one thing. (Pathet Lao leader Prince Souphannouvong is half-brother to Prince—there are innumerable princes in Southeast Asia—Souvanna Phouma; Prince Boun Oum, heading General Nosavan's anti-Communist Cabinet, is brother of Prince Boun Om, cabinet minister to neutralist Souvanna Phouma.) And then the State Department is officially striving (in its standard operation, Marshall Mission mode) to reconcile the Communist-leaning neutralists with the anti-Communists. But at the same time, Marshal Sarit, boss of Thailand just across the Mekong river, is giving material and military support to General Nosavan—who, by the way, is his nephew. And this really does make a puzzle: for Thailand, main base of SEATO, and Marshal Sarit very particularly, are so closely linked with Washington in military matters as to make it most unlikely that Sarit would be acting against the Pentagon's intentions. Question: Are the U.S. State Department and the Pentagon fighting a war—with each other—in Laos?

● The *New York Times* gave prominent coverage last week (Sept. 25) to the reply to the recent smear against *Human Events* by Senator Estes Kefauver—an honorable and responsible act, by the way, since the *Times* didn't have to report the defense of *Human Events* either by Senator Styles Bridges or by its editor, Mr. Frank Hanighen. The event is five weeks old and the Tennessee moralizer who is so aghast at the "dirty, filthy" campaign being waged against Senator Kennedy has yet to apologize to *Human Events* for bracketing it with the Ku Klux Klan. The *Times* carries Mr. Hanighen's statement that he could hardly have been motivated by anti-Catholicism in the criticisms of Senator Kennedy to which Kefauver alluded, considering that he is himself a Catholic as are two of his four editorial assistants; and that *Human Events* has consistently held that the two greatest statesmen in Europe are de Gaulle and Adenauer—both Catholics. To all of which the talkative Senator Kefauver has made no comment.

● What makes a journalist a "good" journalist in Communist eyes? "A good journalist must first of all have a correct ideology," says T'oa Chu, secretary general of the Communist Party in China's Kwantung province. "While we have little of a general nature with which to reproach our journalists, there are still many of them who put a value on independent thought. Independent thought! In theory, it is perfect, but in practice when it is a question of propagating the Party line and directing its policies, independence of thought can mean alienation of Party directives, a loss of political direction with the sad consequence that the journalist becomes prey to bourgeois ideology."

● Douglas Caddy, Director of the newly organized Young Americans for Freedom, has called on Chairman Roy Schaefer of the Young Democratic Clubs of America to renounce his part in the youth conference at Accra at which the American delegation went along with Communist-line resolutions denouncing the United States (as reported in NATIONAL REVIEW Sept. 10, 1960). Meanwhile, the Young Republican National Federation, in protest against the Ghana conference, has resigned from the Young Adult Council, which sponsored the American delegation.

● J. W. Docking forgot his raincoat in Southern Ireland and arranged to have it shipped to his home in Leeds, England. Upon arrival at H. M. Customs, it was searched and found to have eight cigars in the pocket of the coat. The duty on eight cigars is 23 s. ($3.22). Mr. Docking did not want the cigars that much and suggested to the customs officials that they remove the cigars, smoke them, throw them away, give them to the Chancellor of Exchequer—anything—just give him his coat. Impossible: there were no relevant rules or precedents. The government solution: ship the coat back to Southern Ireland, have the cigars removed upon arrival there, and reship the coat to England. Who says the bureaucracy is rigid? We warrant *you* wouldn't have thought of so easy a solution.

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Meditations on a UN Fortnight

1. My UN, 'Tis of Thee

Dwight Eisenhower declared to the UN General Assembly that he stood for government of the UN, by the UN, through and therefore presumably for the UN. "To support the UN organization," he asserted, "and its properly constituted mechanisms and its selected officers is the road of greatest promise in peaceful progress." In the name of the United States, the President offered massive payments into an emergency fund for the Congo and a payment still more massive into a long-term fund for African development. He promised to earmark troops for UN service and to contribute mightily to a UN "food for peace" program. He asked disarmament under UN auspices, and in a gesture of literally infinite scope, proposed turning over the neutralized heavens and all their starry host to UN supervision.

Mr. Eisenhower did not explain, in that address or later, how he squared this global or, rather, galactic, perspective with a local Constitution that vests sovereignty—an attribute which, in the phrase of the jurists, *non potest delegari*—in a plain republican combine of Congress, President, Court and united states. Nor did he point to statutes by which Congress, as sole appropriating power, had authorized those pledges of great sums of moneys to projects not easy to relate to the common defense or general welfare of the citizens.

Nor did the President discuss what so many commentators, even among the UN's ardent admirers, see as the considerable likelihood that the UN's current arithmetical development will bring it—if it is not already brought—under domination of a majority made up of primitive, half-formed nations that at best have little in common with the West, at worst and more usually give aid and comfort to the West's enemies. How will the Pentagon like taking orders from a Secretary General responsible to Laos-Togo-Malagasy-Somalia . . . as manipulated by USSR & Co.?

The best we can hope is that the President's UN address was pure demagogy this time. We do so hope, especially, because by all the evidences of the millions waving from the streets, we all like Ike so absolutely that we'd send him back to the White House by acclamation, anti-third term amendment and all, even if he'd turned the southern half of the country over to Patrice Lumumba and the north to Mao Tse-tung.

2. Blank Check for Dag

On the day after the President's address, Secretary Herter handed Dag Hammarskjold a $5 million U.S. Treasury check as the week's pin money for the UN Congo operation. The money went, in part, to pay the expenses of the UN military units from Ghana, Guinea, United Arab Republic, Morocco and Tunisia. At the same moment, these same units were not only physically protecting the West's vicious enemy, Lumumba, who would otherwise have been arrested and doubtless liquidated weeks ago, but making it possible for Lumumba to operate freely; were demanding that all non-African troops get out; calling for the return of the Soviet and Czech embassies; permitting Lumumba followers to beat up opponents; releasing Lumumba associates—including the trained Communist agent, Gizenga—from arrest. Etc.

All this was a sample of the fruits of the "overwhelming" 70-0 "victory" that had been won over the Communist bloc. How Khrushchev, Kadar, Gomulka, Novotny and Shehu must have chuckled over their midnight vodka! While the Western delegates and most of the neutrals applauded the petulant self-defense of "their man," the inflated bureaucrat, Dag Hammarskjold, the West's position in the Congo continued to crumble under the sapping of the UN units in the field.

3. UN as Cover

And not only in the Congo. The eyes of the West were riveted on the East River circus. The Western

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statesmen, suffering from what Marx called "parliamentary cretinism," used their energies in rounding up votes in "the parliament of mankind." Khrushchev is interested not in votes but in power. If you get the power, he reasons, the votes will come in due course.

In K's scales, Castro's hug, Nkrumah's shrewdly anti-Western harangue, the solid support from Tito, were well worth the 0-70 voting defect.

But actually, the circus was only a sideshow from Khrushchev's perspective. The Communist enterprise is always conducted on two levels. There are the official diplomatic and other activities of the Soviet government; and there are the political warfare activities of the world revolutionary apparatus. The second, not the first, are usually primary. In general, the official government moves serve to supplement and to cover the polwar operations.

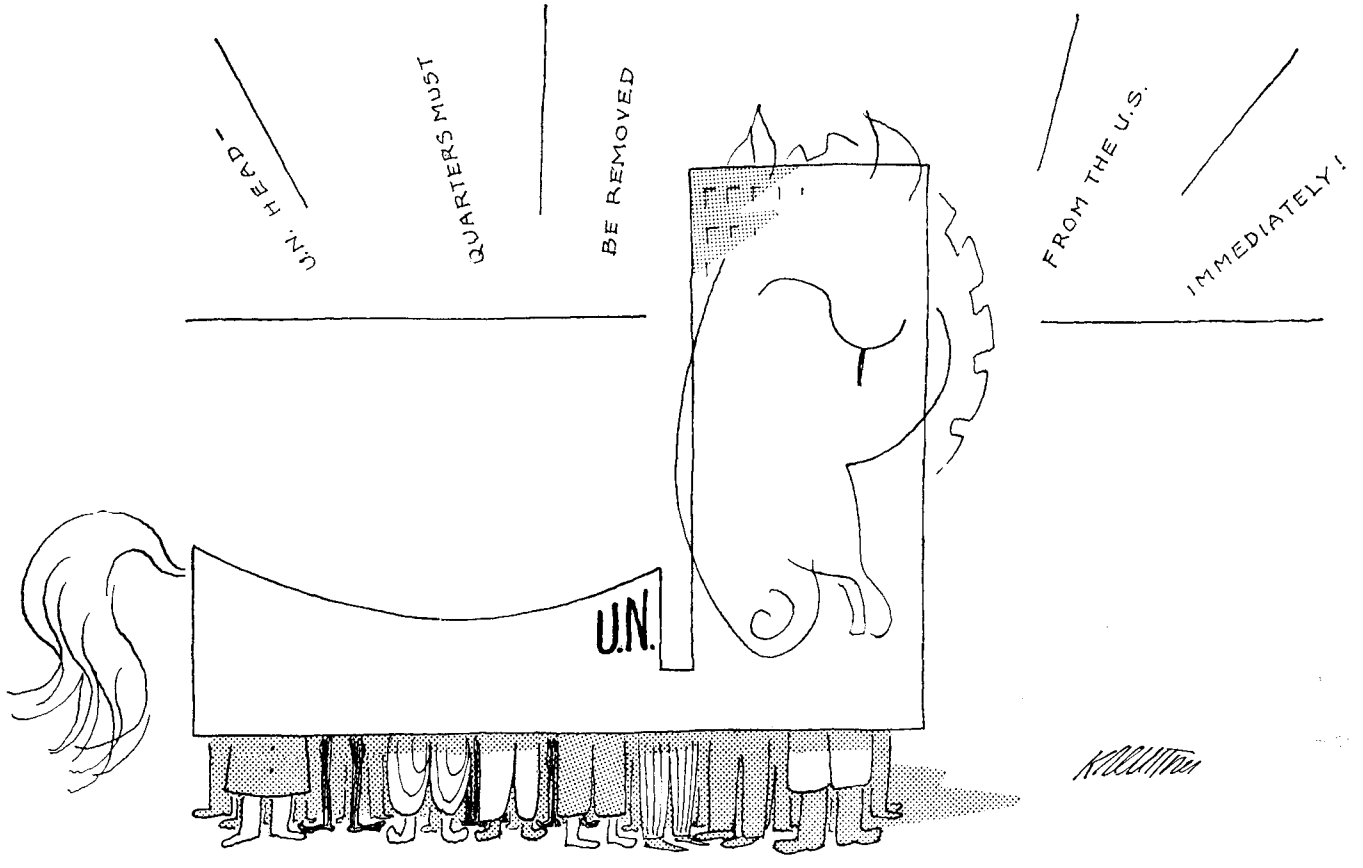
Just so with the Communist performance at the UN Assembly. The Soviet and satellite delegates are covering the serious operations, which are being simultaneously pushed in the field: in Laos, Berlin, the Congo, Indonesia, Cuba. Both the public opinion and the governments of the West are duly diverted. The relative ratings implied by newspaper headlines and TV coverage turn the political realities upside down.

4. Twilight of Colonialism

At the Assembly, "colonialism" is this year's dirtiest word. Everyone repeats that the colonial era is finished, that all colonies must be liberated immediately or somewhat sooner: no delegate more volubly than Khrushchev, who made "the colonial question" the dominant leitmotif of his overture. It is time, said K, "to mount the final offensive against colonialism"; to grant independence "immediately" to all colonies. "Colonial administration in all its forms should be abolished completely."

"In all its forms." Very well. Why, then, has no Western delegate risen to offer for Assembly vote a resolution applying these universally re-echoed principles to the only remaining major colonial administration: the Soviet Empire, prison house of nations and peoples? *Resolved*, Whereas, etc. . . ., that Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia . . . that Ukraine, Georgia, Byelorussia . . . are and of right ought to be free to choose their own form of government . . . that the UN calls on the government of the USSR to prepare, at once, free, secret elections within each of these nations, under UN supervision, with prior opportunity for all political tendencies to present their candidates and programs . . .

Quite seriously, why not? The Assembly vote on *that* resolution might really mean something.



"Come, now, Khrush. We can't change Trojan horses in midstream!"

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The Great Debate

The Kennedy-Nixon debate put one in mind of the splendid but innocuous maneuverings of a pair of Siamese fighting fish separated by a pane of glass. They were most gorgeous and stately duellers: it was even "the Vice President" and "the Senator" (we were agreeably surprised), never Dick and Jack. Kennedy made the one slip of the evening in addressing his opponent directly as "you," but it didn't happen again. Even the staging bespoke a high-born image of Roman austerity: the candidates stood, widely separated, behind spindly "modern" lecture stands; the moderator, far in the background, sat at a thin small desk; in the foreground one saw the backs of the heads of the newsmen from four networks; the camera was below the level of the candidates, giving them the appearance of all feet and hips, little shoulder and less head. Aside from these props, the stage was barren.

Kennedy opened with a statement that he was not satisfied with certain things: the low steel rate, last year's low economic growth rate, the $9 billion farm surplus, the poor people in West Virginia, the Soviet production of engineers and scientists, underpaid teachers, Jimmy Hoffa, development of natural resources, development of hydroelectric power, a Republican in the White House, and lack of opportunity for Negro and Puerto Rican babies. He said he believed not in big government, but in effective government. (He did not elaborate on the distinction.) He said we have a rendezvous with destiny. He said we have got to move ahead in order to preserve freedom in the face of the Soviet challenge. We have got to move ahead.

Nixon opened by arguing that we have moved ahead in the last seven and one-half years faster than in the previous seven and one-half years; said that Kennedy's New Frontier was a "retread" of the program of the Truman Administration, and called on Kennedy to show how it differed from Truman's programs (a challenge that Kennedy did not accept, conveniently forgot, or couldn't remember). Said he was in agreement with Kennedy as to goals; but disagreed as to means. Not a question of which government spends more money, but which government does the right thing. The thing is to stimulate the creative energies of the people. Kennedy would stifle them.

To sum up, Kennedy said we have got to move ahead.

To sum up, Nixon said we have got to move ahead, but that it is essential for the government not to spend a dollar that can be better spent by the people themselves.

And WE sum it up this way: the debate was pretty boring, and did not prove very much, and was not really a debate—that pane of glass was never lifted. It was really a fashion show: this fall's political offerings by the nation's top models, both of them stressing the New Look, but Jack's was a little more outré, Dick's a little more traditional.

Going Around

Protestant slogan: Eliminate the middleman—vote for Pope John.

Nixon slogan: If elected I will go to Rome.

Kennedy slogan: If elected I will go to Tokyo.

Democratic cocktail: One part Southern Comfort, two parts holy water.

Caption under photo of Nixon: Would you buy a used car from this man?

Definition of a bigot: A Yale Catholic who won't vote for Kennedy because he went to Harvard.

Sitdown in New Rochelle

Lincoln Elementary School in downtown New Rochelle, N.Y., is in a predominantly Negro neighborhood. William B. Ward Elementary School, in the fashionable Quaker Ridge region of North Rochelle, is all white in an all-white neighborhood.

Now you might suppose that if the comparative enrollments of the two schools mirrored any injustice, the local real estate people would be the logical targets for protest. And maybe, too, an employment system that enables some white people to live in tree-shaded suburbs while most Negroes are limited by their incomes to less desirable locations. In any event, the New Rochelle school authorities, whose only stipulation is that a child should go to the school in his own neighborhood, can scarcely be blamed for the wider inequities of a world whose past history can hardly be erased overnight.

Some of New Rochelle's Negroes, however, pushed perhaps from the outside, have not seen fit to direct their protests to the sources of whatever cultural or economic discrimination may be involved in local population patterns. Instead, twenty-three of them, including thirteen children, staged a sitdown strike in front of the William B. Ward School. Since the children were truants, in obvious violation of a State Compulsory Attendance Law which says a student shall go to the school to which he has been assigned,

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by custom as close to home as possible, the police not unnaturally broke up the demonstration and arrested its leaders.

If New Rochelle educational authorities had been behaving contrary to common sense in sticking to the almost universally accepted concept of neighborhood schools, or if they were guilty of assigning all the best teachers to the richest districts, then the Negro sitdown demonstration might be justified as an attention-caller. But the New Rochelle Board of Education has always had enlightened policies. It employs many Negroes on its professional and service staffs, including a Negro principal who heads a school in which only six students are Negroes. True enough, the downtown Lincoln School is not the architectural peer of the newer Ward School. But New Rochelle voters have already authorized Lincoln's replacement by a new structure, and it takes time to set contractors in motion.

So what does the protest amount to? Doesn't it add up an artificial type of social inflammation in a town which has been remarkably free of race bias? When statistical analysis reveals that New Rochelle Negroes who live outside the Lincoln School area attend a total of nine schools in percentages ranging from two to fifty as against whites, it can hardly be said that educational segregation is a valid local issue.

Operation Abolition

The Communist Party meant business when it made liquidation of the Committee on Un-American Activities one of three primary objectives in its program adopted last winter. California, where Communist influence is now probably stronger than in any other state, was selected as base of operations. In May, party activists led the physical assault on the Committee members in San Francisco, so dramatically recorded in the startling film available from the HUAC. The party found the supine surrender of Mayor George Christopher and Judge Albert A. Axelrod to be a hopeful augury.

A few weeks ago a "National Committee to Abolish the Un-American Activities Committee" was founded in Los Angeles. Its eleven-member directing committee, hailed in the *Worker* of September 4, is a blue-ribbon list of Party wheelhorses and collaborators. Among others: Russ Nixon, one of the Communist-run United Electrical Workers' Fifth Amendment boys; Frank Wilkinson, old-line Communist organizer; Dr. Otto Nathan, executor of Albert Einstein's estate, whom even the State Department didn't want to give a passport to; Rev. William Baird, contender for the front-joining championship; Aubrey Williams, New Deal youth expert, now of the Civil Liberties Union, Southern Conference Educational Fund and points Left; Harvey O'Connor, pro-Communist author; Robert V. Kenny, a former California attorney general *and* President of the Party-line National Lawyers Guild.

The current phase of operations, featuring election-oriented activities (with a big New York meeting scheduled for October 10) is focused on the opening of the new Congress. On January 2-4, a mass delegation will descend on Washington to agitate for the motion for the Committee's abolition that will be put to the House, when it meets to organize on January 4, by California's representative, James Roosevelt, Franklin's son.

Why don't Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kennedy state their positions on the matter of the HUAC?

Peekaboo!

The New York City Housing Authority, from the very best of motives, is finding itself these days just a little bit—the tiniest bit—on the shady side of the law. Or so it would seem from an able article in a recent *New Leader* by Bernard Roshco.

The problem was to make sure that any given public housing project was not occupied exclusively, or even predominantly, by either whites or non-whites. (The Housing Authority puts Negroes and Puerto Ricans in one all-inclusive non-white category.) In looking around, the Authority discovered that in most Harlem developments, Negroes and Puerto Ricans predominated; in most of the higher income projects in Queens and Brooklyn, whites predominated.

What to do? (Something, of course, had to be done!) The Authority's solution was to classify housing in three phases. *Phase One*: Whites to get priority regardless of their need for housing (*i.e.,* race is put above need). Negroes and Puerto Ricans allowed in *only* after accommodating all whites who have applied. *Phase Two*: Whites only—even if the apartments go empty. *Phase Three*: (The reverse of *Phase One*) Non-whites to get priority in housing projects which have become predominantly white with whites allowed in *only* after all non-whites have been accommodated.

It seemed like a splendid idea. But in practice, it hasn't worked. Many *Phase Two* apartments remain untenanted, particularly in overcrowded Harlem, because white families refuse to move into them; a four-room apartment in *Phase One* will be occupied by an elderly and childless white couple, while Negroes and Puerto Ricans with two and three children wait in line. *Phase Three* housing, usually in white neighborhoods and built to accommodate high-

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er-income families, finds few takers among the non-whites who are uneasy about moving away from environments they are familiar with, and who are unable or reluctant to pay the higher rent.

The immediate result has been that the number of apartments available to non-white applicants (whose need is the greater) has been sharply reduced. One-third of the city's housing is now in *Phase Two*. And the Authority, while acting in the *spirit* of the state and city anti-discrimination laws, is, in practice, discriminating against Negro and Puerto Rican applicants.

A Cool Review

The *New York Times* gave Robert H. Montgomery's new book on Sacco-Vanzetti to Professor Edmund Cahn of the New York University Law School to review; which he has now done, in a few hundred words that are a locus classicus of the Liberal mind at work. Mr. Montgomery, a lawyer, spent many years reviewing the Sacco-Vanzetti case and came to the conclusion that they had been fairly tried, and were guilty as charged—and proceeded to publish his findings. The response by Professor Cahn: a) Sacco and Vanzetti were *not* guilty because they weren't because they weren't. b) The "consensus of sober scholarship" is that the jury's verdict was worthless (which ends us up, among other things, questioning the scholarship of Dean Wigmore, who affirmed the fairness of the trial; there are those who would say that Wigmore's footnotes will outlast the entire scholarly produce of Mr. Cahn's consensus). c) Robert Montgomery isn't qualified to write a book on Sacco-Vanzetti because "He is a successful corporation lawyer" [a lawyer is qualified to write about Sacco-Vanzetti only if unsuccessful?], a member of the Massachusetts Sons of the Revolution [would it be better if he belonged to one or two Communist fronts, as did so many of the *sober* scholars?] and an experienced public-utility executive [the law is a weapon in the class struggle for enforcing the power of the voting class?], a partner of his sponsored anti-anarchist laws in the Massachusetts Legislature of 1919 [a dozen colleagues of Cahn at NYU have been members of the Communist Party, ergo? . . .] and was among those whose homes were bombed that year [*i.e.*, Montgomery is against bombing people's homes, therefore he's against anarchists, therefore he's prepared to frame any anarchist for murder].

Yes, sir, the place to go to get detached, cool, responsible scholarship isn't to Boston business lawyers, but to New York University Law School, a fact well known to the *New York Times*, which goes there to get reviews fit to print. Do you suppose Professor Cahn teaches a course on evidence?

For the Record

Pentagon officials worried over sudden interest by Swiss banking fronts in U.S. railroads. It has been reported some anonymous Swiss bank depositors have joined forces with Cyrus Eaton to win control of certain rail lines crucial to the internal defense. . . . Eaton, incidentally, wrote spirited defense of Khrushchev's angry UN speech in letters column of Newark Evening News. . . . Sign of the times: Two groups converged on the United Nations to make their demonstrations. One—the Assembly of Captive Nations, at which Senator Dodd was the speaker—was shunted five blocks away. The other, a Communist demonstration dominated by the Worker, was moved one block away. . . . Two New York radio writers fired for acting as co-sponsors of the Communist-line Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

Behind Senator Kefauver's surprising win in Tennessee: an all-out drive by the AFL-CIO COPE which made 60,000 phone calls, mailed 300,000 leaflets, distributed 160,000 leaflets and handbills. . . . Conservatives in Los Angeles heartened by decision of Mayor Norris Poulson (he tangled with Khrushchev last year) to run again. . . . Governor Faubus says Alabama, Georgia and Arkansas will definitely go for Kennedy this year, but admits Arkansas race will be close.

Soviet Union said to have landed small arms and ammunition in Cuba sufficient to outfit the Cuban army several times over, bolstering reports that Cuba intends to mount "liberating" revolutions in neighboring countries. . . . Cuba suffering shortages of meat products and fish, canned goods, potatoes, razor blades, flashlight batteries. . . . A column now appearing in Cuban papers by "Pancho Powderpuff" advises housewives why it is necessary (in the interest of the revolution) to forego certain foods.

West German Tarantel press reports Russia had 800 officials in Congo before recent purge, most under cover as physicians, transportation experts, technicians, etc. . . . Syngman Rhee planning to make his permanent home in Honolulu City's Manoa Valley.

Robert Carter Allen, author of How to Build a Fortune and Save on Taxes, has filed in bankruptcy.

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National Trends

Mr. Nixon's Moment of Truth

L. BRENT BOZELL

M-moment, that point in future time when Richard Nixon throws off the camouflage and hauls up his true conservative colors, moves steadily forward along its inexorable path to infinity. Nixon's Moment of Truth was scheduled for early 1960 when he would become an "avowed" candidate and in that capacity could speak his "real" mind. When spring turned to summer and not much had happened besides the avowal, the deadline was set ahead to the Republican convention. *Then* the Vice President would step forward: Since his official status as party standard-bearer would take precedence over the inhibiting responsibilities of his present office, Nixon would at last be free to elaborate his differences with the Administration. Now those differences have begun to emerge, and they all point the wrong way. Conservatives have steeled themselves, accordingly, to yet another postponement — we will be patient through the campaign, but watch the smoke after Inauguration Day!

Many conservatives were telling themselves this last week, but very few of them believed it. Some of them might vote for Nixon as a lesser evil, but the great majority of these would now do so with their eyes open and the blinders off. That much Mr. Nixon had accomplished in the first half of his campaign.

Most of the time Nixon had confined himself to vapid generalities in a tone that alternated from bland to smug, and it was all very reminiscent of Tom Dewey's campaign in 1948. On the few occasions when he turned to concrete issues, the news, from the conservative point of view, was all bad. In the Pacific Northwest, he came out for more public power than the Eisenhower Administration had supported. In the farm belt, he unveiled a "new" agricultural program that turned out to be new mainly in the sense of greater and more expensive government involvement than ever before. To the country at large, he called for a "crash program" of federal aid to education. Though he always tried—and sometimes successfully, as in Monday night's debate with Senator Kennedy —to leave the impression that the Nixon Welfare State would entail a little less state control and a little more freedom than the Democratic version, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Nixon meant to head a substantially bigger government than the one over which Eisenhower currently presides.

Nixon's Liberal tendencies in domestic affairs, however, had never been well-disguised. His principal claim to conservatives' trust lay in the field of foreign policy. Here his instinctive anti-Communism was expected to give some momentum and direction to Eisenhower's foundering ship of state. And it was here that Nixon's September performance—largely through its omissions—left most to be desired. For the world was in great crisis, and the nation was in great trouble, and the scene of torment, this time, was being played out in America's front room. Through it all, Mr. Nixon fiddled irrelevantly in the wings. His reaction to the events at the UN and elsewhere was to prate about "experience" and the virtues of freedom over against Communism: "As I said to Mr. Khrushchev in Moscow last year . . ." At one level, even Senator Kennedy's response was more apposite to the crisis than the Vice President's. The Senator, at least, acknowledged the ebb of Western fortunes, and if he did not enlighten his audiences as to the true causes of the decline, he helped imbue them with a salutary sense of uneasiness.

Was this a time, however, when the proprieties, and duty, commanded silence? Was Nixon *still* gagged by his office and circumstances? If Nixon thought he was, this was yet another measure of his deficient understanding. For it *was* important how Khrushchev sized up America. And it was vital that he understand (if it were true) that America as a whole was not as sodden as the policies of Eisenhower and Herter. Nixon, after all, was holding forth the possibility that he will be President in three months; what's more, he presumably spoke for the "hard" faction of American public life. If he planned *different* policies for the next four years, what he had to say about the problems of the world was vastly more important to the UN delegates than the timeless platitudes of Dwight Eisenhower.

More to the point, Nixon had the opportunities and responsibilities of present leadership. Critical discussion of the nation's defenses, though not the most pressing, was among them, and here Nixon proceeded to try to cut off the debate. (The suggestion that Kennedy's charges would "give comfort" to Khrushchev was sheer demagoguery: Khrushchev possessed more accurate information on the comparative strength of the U.S. and the USSR than either Nixon or Kennedy, and his estimate was not going to be affected by their speeches.) The real challenge, though, was to take measure of the great changes in the power relationships of the world. Had the Soviet bloc suffered a setback at the UN in virtue of the applause for Mr. Hammarskjold? Or was the fact the UN was in a serious tizzy over Khrushchev's outrageous demands new and frightening testimony to Communist power? Were the nations of the Afro-Asian bloc, which the U.S. was courting and helping to elevate to world-policy-making status, really "uncommitted"? Or were they uncommitted only in the degree of their Marxist leanings, while being totally committed in their opposition to the West? The most critical question of all: Was Khrushchev's blustering démarche against the UN a gain for the West? Or was its principal effect, irrespective of his intent to throw the power of the West behind a Soviet auxiliary —to enmesh even the staunchest Western government in the illusion that UN policy and anti-Soviet policy are one and the same thing? And it was not easy, watching Mr. Nixon evade such questions in September, to hope he would deal with them realistically in January.

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No Program for Youth

Beatniks are conservatives gone wild, says the author, in a fascinating discussion of today's youth—in search of a cause.

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Young people usually think of their forebears as conservatives or perhaps only as squares. There must be a difference in education, breeding, experience; otherwise there would be no development, no progress, no new ideas. We should all be wearing stocks and ruffles and drinking lager for breakfast.

On the other hand, conservatism means many things, and varies as to time and place. We who today call ourselves conservatives would have been regarded as radicals in some periods of the nineteenth century because we believe that the rights and dignities of the individual must prevail over the authorities of the state. It is the conservative in the 1960s who believes in freedom of conscience against the trend which subordinates the individual to the will and whim of those who control the state. The political characteristic of the nineteenth century was a general rebellion against state authority over the individual; the political characteristic of the twentieth century after World War I was to resubject the individual to the authority of the state. Both movements were universal and rhythmical.

The issue then has not been and is not conservatism versus Liberalism. It is freedom for the individual—freedom to live, freedom to think, freedom to work, freedom to be wise or foolish, freedom to hold opinions and to die for them. This has been the characteristic of political revolutionists as in other centuries it was the characteristic of religious martyrs.

Such a position has nothing to do with age. As we study the Nazi movement, we find that more young than older people were motivated by the preference for *ordnung* rather than for liberty. This was true of the Fascist movement. It is true of Communism which prefers a state-planned life rather than a family or an individually planned life. State-governed lives, as an ideal, have been the goal of Nazism, Fascism, Communism, the New Deal and every form of welfare state. This concept has given itself the label of Liberalism. The rejection of this limitation upon the freedom of man is currently regarded as conservatism.

Words do become twisted and the ideas of men are influenced by the words they use. The word democracy, for instance, is multicolored. It can no longer be defined with precision. To say that a person is democratic in no manner describes him; it may only mean that he is not a snob. And the fruitless question arises, why should that particular person be a snob?

Historic Memory

However, to say that a person is a conservative does define him with some precision. He is one who is possessed of historic memory and who declines to accept shifting current intellectual fashions as the hallmark of his moral and intellectual dignity. A conservative rejects, for instance, pragmatism as a rationalization, as a self-justification, as a self-serving explanation of a way of life. The Liberal's rejection of absolutes as a social control over individual morals has produced an unbelievable chaos in the middle of the twentieth century and has put upon youth the onus of finding its own way without the aid of experience. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of mid-twentieth-century Liberalism is its rejection of historic memory and its absorption with sensory responses which can at best be momentary and shocking.

Thus, the most expressive youth groups, in the non-Communist countries, are the Beatniks, the followers of Kierkegaard, Sartre, etc., who, pursuing their sensory responses without moral absolutes, find refuge in nihilism. But this is to be noted: The Beatniks are, in many respects, a conservative revolt against the state-slavery of Marxism and the erotic Liberalism of their elders, who, rejecting historic experience, pursue no ends but self-gratification. The Beatnik is a conservative run wild and if, in the end, he turns to Zen Buddhism or to the Hasidism of Martin Buber, he does express a non-conformity which current Liberalism rejects.

Continuing our analysis of conservatism, we might have a look at the political parties of the United States. Both parties exist only as electioneering devices. It is impossible to discover the difference between them in any precise terms. The Republican Party is divided into three groups: conservatives, such as Senators Barry Goldwater, Styles Bridges and Karl Mundt; opportunists, such as the bulk of its elected officials, including President Eisenhower; and ADA adherents, such as Senators Jacob Javits, Clifford P. Case and Margaret Chase Smith. The Democratic Party is similarly divided. In my opinion, the only absolutely consistent senator is Wayne Morse: he belongs to nothing; he is loyal to nothing; he is an individualist who operates in his own interest, like the owner of a salami shop.

When youth binds itself to either of these parties, it takes on a load of old and selfish men who will never die for their country or a cause; nor will they suffer privation and penury for a doctrine. They have no broader belief than a consistent obedience to party leadership which they call loyalty. Having been born something or other, they remain something or other and profit thereby. They regard the person who

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expresses an idea, sound or foolish, as controversial and dangerous to the party.

Every four years, two men run for public office and not since William Jennings Bryan has one of them dared to have an idea. May I quote, to make a point, from the Democratic Platform of 1932, the platform that brought Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal into power:

". . . We advocate an immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenditures by abolishing useless commissions and offices, consolidating departments and bureaus, and eliminating extravagance, to accomplish a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of Federal Government, and we call upon the Democratic Party in the States to make a zealous effort to achieve a proportionate result."

The New Deal

This 1932 Democratic Platform is the best example of the lack of political purpose and political principle. After the Democratic Party took office in 1933, it contrived the largest and most expensive bureaucratic system this country has ever witnessed. It brought into American life Administrative Law as a fixed system, which to a lesser degree and within constitutional bounds established the state-control systems which more expansively or totally came into existence in Germany, Italy, Russia and other European countries. Young men and women rushed to the New Deal as avidly as young men and women rushed to other statist movements rooted in the same idea of personal security at any cost of freedom.

The New Deal was neither a conservative nor a radical movement. It was an effort of an older generation to save itself from its own errors by continuing the errors but feeding palliatives to youth. It was first proposed to Herbert Hoover when he was President by a group of capitalists who were favorably impressed by the statism of Italy. Hoover rejected their program (the NRA) and their support. The capitalists then abandoned Hoover and set out to wreck his reputation. Hoover has survived all the men who came to him with Fascism as a solution and he has witnessed the failure of statism, but he has witnessed no program for youth except loading down the future generations with enormous debts and a debased currency.

Each generation finds a solution for its own problems. Always youngsters attempt to show oldsters how to suck eggs, but it is futile. The oldsters rarely understand the language of their successors. New ideas, new activities, new conditions develop new ways of life. The New Dealers of 1932 are old and tired men who still recall the 1927-28 prosperity and the 1932 Depression and the promise of Franklin D. Roosevelt to lead them across the Jordan. He led them to Yalta instead, but that too was to have been expected, for where else could he go? He drove the money-changers into the temple and raised taxes and debt and took gold out of our currency. And young people shouted, "Hurrah!" because history was taken out of their textbooks.

And from it came Alger Hiss, the Hollywood Ten, Supreme Court decisions against God, the Sputnik and the Beatniks. Roosevelt did not plan it that way, for Roosevelt was not a competent planner and the New Deal was not a way of life. What did happen was that youth, frightened by insecurity, forgot that it was young. It sought the security of the aged and the charity of the insecure. It was fed opiates which ate away its courage and blurred its ideals. For what is the normal response of youth to the urge of its youngness? It is freedom.

The struggle between old and young has throughout history been over freedom. When youth gives up this struggle, there is only oldness in the world—and oldness can be musty and forlorn. Fascism, Nazism died a very old age; Communism survives because it tries compromising with the young. But at the UN, Khrushchev showed that he, too, was suffering from arteriosclerosis.

Kennan's Unknown Lectures

In July 1954, George Kennan, who has since earned the title of premier American apostle of appeasement towards the Soviet Union, gave four lectures at the University of Frankfurt in which he discussed the history of American-Russian relations. What Mr. Kennan said in German he has not, apparently, said or written anywhere in English. The student of diplomacy will want to read the little book of lectures in its entirety and in the original (George F. Kennan, Das Amerikanisch - Russische Verhältnis. *Stuttgart: Deutsche Verglags-Anstalt, 1954). Here we merely suggest some of their content and publish some of the more fascinating passages.* NATIONAL REVIEW *is grateful to* Mr. *John Tashjean of Georgetown University for bringing the lectures to our attention and for translating selected passages.*

The first lecture deals with Russo-American relations up to the November revo'ution of 1917. The second discusses Russo-American relations during the first World War. The third covers the years 1918-1933 during which there were no diplomatic relations. Kennan devotes a great deal of attention to the Allied intervention in Siberia in 1918-1920, repeatedly cited by historians and analysts as the fountainhead of Soviet animosity to the United States. "I am unable to share this point of view entirely," he said, reminding his audience that "hosti'e propaganda" against American and Western social institutions had begun well before intervention.

The period from 1933 Kennan suggests be named after Roosevelt.

We quote him:

Franklin Roosevelt was a man of great personal and political stature. In the last few years many of us have missed the magic of his personality and the magnanimity of his political action. But one may say that he never rightly understood the Soviet problem, and that he was incapable of understanding it. Precisely those qualities which ensured his great domestic political victory—the strong effect of his own personality, his utterly pragmatic manner of government, his dislike of all the-

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ory, his cheerful and unconquerable optimism, his shallowness of mind and most of all the fact that his entire mental equipment and his *Weltanschauung* stemmed from the period of the first world war and thus from the pre-totalitarian age—all these qualities made it difficult for him to understand the Soviet problem; in fact they not only made it difficult but impossible.

In order to understand what goes on in the soul of a Russian Communist and in the life of a community ruled by him one must have the inclination and ability to look into the deepest abyss of fraternal hatred, of embitterment, of contempt for men and of presumptuousness. For on such qualities every utopian political movement must rest if it proceeds on the principle that it can attain its aim only via the misfortune and misery of large parts of the population and even over the bodies of countless dead. Not every man can bring himself to look into these depths; but if he has once done so, he can no longer go through life with the light, insouciant step which Roosevelt always had. Nor can one then retain the charming qualities which Roosevelt the politician found so useful.

FDR's Mistake

In his approach to the Soviet problem Roosevelt made a mistake to which members of the older higher Anglo-Saxon society were, perhaps, particularly liable: he underestimated the ideological seriousness of Russian Communists. He doubted the importance of principle in their psychology; he thought that their complicated, mistrustful, irritable, almost psychopathic political character was only a subjective reaction to the face of their opponent, rather than a position of principle, ideologically determined. Roosevelt had won a great internal political victory at home by stepping out of his own social level, so to say, by coming down to the level of the small man, by wooing him, by serving as his spokesman and representative.

Roosevelt was convinced that he could influence the Soviets, too, in a similar way. For they were, as he saw it, also but small men. He expected that they too would react favorably to a friendly smile, a brotherly pat on the shoulder, and a strong dose of Rooseveltian charm. If they had, until then, taken such a hostile attitude towards the West it was, surely, because Western statesmen had been too snobbish and unfriendly in dealing with them. Given different treatment, Roosevelt thought, all that would change.

This attitude of Roosevelt's was for Bolsheviks the greatest possible insult, for it made light precisely of the firmness of their ideological faith, of their self-respect as theoretically schooled and disciplined Marxists, and attributed to them a susceptibility to subjective impulses which must seem an abominable weakness in the eyes of the Communist movement. In time this mistake of Roosevelt's brought bitter penalties; nevertheless one may doubt that he himself ever recognized his mistake.

Besides, he never apparently understood Bolshevism as a political system—least of all the peculiar relation between the rulers and the ruled which characterizes the Communist dictatorship. What it meant to live under the rule of Stalin remained unknown to him and probably unimaginable. His ideas might perhaps have been more appropriate to the period of Lenin; in the period of Stalin they did not fit at all. He had no understanding of the great changes in psychology and politics caused by the internal political victory of Stalin, collectivization, and the great purges. Probably for this reason he was incapable of correctly appreciating the totalitarianism of Stalin in relation to that of Hitler.

These mistaken points of view were most intimately bound up with the fateful idea which dominated not only Roosevelt but almost all the liberal intelligentsia of the Western countries during the thirties—the idea that Soviet Russia could be a fit partner in the collective resistance against Hitler, Mussolini and the Japanese. Western liberals would not believe that Soviet imperialism was, for both neighboring countries and especially for the peoples of Europe, no less a menace than all the dangers against which these countries were to be protected. Roosevelt did not understand that Russian cooperation in the so-called collective security against Hitler could be had only at a senseless usurer's price—the incorporation of large parts of eastern Europe into the Soviet sphere of power—a price, therefore, which meant not only the loss of independence for the peoples in question, their surrender to native Communists, if not simply their genocide, but also a most dangerous shift in relations of power in Europe as a whole. This naiveté of the President and of many of his advisers is the key to his whole policy towards the Soviet Union from the time of recognition to the second World War.

[*Kennan goes on to describe how Ambassador Bullitt recognized the differences between Leninism and Stalinism, resigned his office and tried to win Roosevelt over to his new insights. But the President stopped listening to Bullitt and surrounded himself with advisers who, although they knew little about Russia, had glowing hopes of cooperation with it.*]

At the beginning of 1937 the President sent a new ambassador to Moscow, whose deliberately friendly and accommodating ways could mean to the Russians only that everything had been forgiven and forgotten. Immediately thereafter the entire Russian division in the State Department was simply abolished. It had made itself unpopular with the Communists as well as some Liberals at home because of its skepticism towards Roosevelt's policy and because of the acute thoroughness of its analyses of Soviet reality. These events not only confirmed the pro-Soviet policy of the Roosevelt Administration but even strengthened it.

Kennan concludes the third lecture by saying that, however understandable Washington policy was in the light of wartime military and psychological necessities, Americans must openly acknowledge that the mistakes made towards the Soviet Union between 1935 and 1945 are among the worst and most fatal in the entire history of U.S. foreign policy. A fourth and final lecture brings some historical generalizations about the past and future course of Russian-American relations. Kennan concludes with an exhortation to hope, faith and patience.

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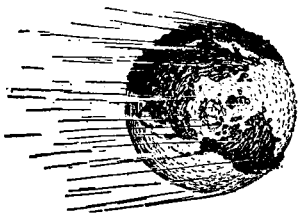

Ideology and Common Sense

JAMES BURNHAM

"When I awaked," recounts Captain Lemuel Gulliver, "I attempted to arise, but I was not able to stir: ... for I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs." It was a humiliating enough posture to have been put in by "human creatures not six inches high," but Captain Gulliver had at least the excuse that the ligatures had been tied while, after shipwreck, heat and brandy, "I slept sounder than I remember to have done in my life."

Our Uncle Samuel Gulliver finds himself in much the same posture, but with the difference that he fastened his own strait-jacketing ligatures, and seems to find it impossible to wake up. As in the case of Jonathan Swift's Lemuel, there are plenty of Lilliputians at hand to prick him painfully with showers of arrows and other tribulations.

These ligatures with which Samuel has bound himself are woven on an ideological loom out of airy abstractions: "law," "peace," "self-determination," "equality," "democracy," "opinion of mankind," "world order," "disarmament," "UN," "African (Asian, Latin American) bloc." ... We cannot oust Castro because that would be aggression (and the Latin American bloc wouldn't like it); and we must oust Trujillo because he is undemocratic. We must not only recognize but promote the independence of any group that asks for it, because everyone has the right to self-determination; but we must not recognize the independence of Katanga because the Afro-Asian bloc prefers a centralized Congo. We must not support our closest allies in the Suez War because aggression is wrong and you cannot have one law for friends and another for enemies. We must act through the UN because the UN is the conscience of mankind. We must protest South African apartheid because that is against equality; and we must not mention Congolese or Algerian terror because that is part of the inevitable byproduct of the struggle for independence. We cannot do anything about confiscation of our properties because we signed a treaty saying every state has the democratic right to confiscate whatever it has a mind to. We must grant every nation one vote in the UN because all are equal. We can't intervene with force anywhere, because that would be an aggressive act against peace and international law. And so on.

Abstractions Can Be Tamed

Whenever, that is to say, international action is called for, we find ourselves tangled in a slew of abstractions, multiparty treaties and bureaucratized international structures that prohibit quick, firm response.

Abstractions can be tamed by tying them down to reality. The best cure for a bad case of ideology is a strong dose of common sense.

Now it is just plain common sense that in a fight you don't gang up with your chief opponent against your two best friends. I feel sure this would have been obvious to Dwight Eisenhower in the Suez business, if he hadn't bewitched himself with "one law" and "no resort to force" abstractions. Maybe it was wise to let Nasser have the canal. But it was certainly foolish to help Khrushchev and Nasser lord it over Britain and France in the process. Is it common sense to pay the bills of UN-labeled armies in the Congo when they undermine the pro-Western Tshombe and shelter the anti-Western fanatic, Lumumba?

Common sense might have found it a sound bargain to ditch Trujillo in return for liquidating Castro; but would never have agreed to the first without the second, merely to "uphold the unity of the Americas."

What common-sense man in his right mind would accept the UN General Assembly as having any binding force, or any moral force for that matter, on anybody? If the nations want a spot where everybody can sound off, and an address where they can always get in touch with each other, well and good. But common sense couldn't conceive of great nations allowing themselves to be coerced, or even sensibly influenced, by an arithmetic summation of the votes of the Yemens, Laoses and Cameroons, not to speak of the Congos, that populate the Assembly, or by the mythical blocs that have no reality except what is generated out of the Assembly's own mechanism. Why in the world should any sensible person give a damn what some spokesman for cannibalistic tribes or slave-holding nomads thinks about nuclear tests?

From Common Sense to Strategy

What is called "strategy" is nothing more than common sense made systematic, and Americans have always been reluctant to *think strategically* about foreign policy: to choose specific goals, in furtherance of the national security and interest, and then to make those dispositions of the nation's power that will stand the best chance of achieving the goals. "The chief fault of Americans, when they call themselves 'realists,' " wrote a rather cynical Italian in a book on European opinions of America that I edited a few years ago, "is unawareness of reality. It is no easy task to induce Americans to see things as they are instead of under the aspect of a morality play of their own invention."

For this habit, Americans have been defended as seeking to be *moral* in international relations instead of accepting the Machiavellian methods of Old World "power politics." But we are moralistic rather than truly moral. For a nation, the supreme moral task and responsibility is to make the right use of power.

Both Presidential candidates are arguing beside the point. America has enough strength and to spare, but we can't seem to use it to any rational purpose. Still, Samuel has this potential advantage over Captain Gulliver: since the ligatures that bind Samuel have been spun out of his own brain, he can escape from them just as soon as he realizes that they don't exist.

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Memo to: Our readers

Re: The National Review Forums

The first in the 1960-61 series of National Review Forums will be held on Thursday evening, October 20. Because interest in the current election campaign will then be at its height, we feel certain that the unusual program we have prepared will be timely as well as vitally important.

The subject: "Young Conservatives Discuss the Election" (and other affairs of interest).

The time: 8:30 p.m., October 20, 1960.

The place: Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. and 69th Street, New York City.

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. will introduce the discussion, which will be sponsored by the newly-formed Young Americans for Freedom (see National Review, Sept. 24). Among the participants will be students from Georgetown, Harvard, Northwestern, Antioch, Yale and Tulane.

Conservatives may be divided as to what to do about this election; but they heartily agree about what they want from future elections—a meaningful choice! Such future political sanity largely depends on young conservatives like those you will see on the platform October 20. No conservative, we feel sure, will want to miss it, and we hope all who can will be there. Admission is one dollar per person at the door.

Also, season passes are available now. These passes entitle the holder to two reserved seats in the front section of the hall (which will be held until 8:35 p.m.) for each of the five forums this season. Best of all, all passholders are notified by mail in advance concerning the topic and speakers of the next forum.

These passes cost only $10.00 (the same price as two general admission tickets for the entire series) and can be obtained by mail now through October 18 only! So write today to Dept. F, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y. Please enclose payment with order. This offer is open to the public, so you may tell your friends, if you like. But please don't delay, as the number of season tickets is strictly limited.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

What Did You Say?

I recently spent the better part of a day with a college student who had much on his mind to tell me. I in turn was much interested in what he had to say. But after an hour or so I gave up. It wasn't that his thinking was diffuse, or his sentences badly organized. It was simply that you couldn't understand the words. When they reached your ear they sounded as faint as though they had been forced through the wall of a soundproofed room, and as garbled as though they had been fed through one of those scrambling devices of the Signal Corps. "Somi iggi prufes tometugo seem thaffernun."

"What was that?"

(Trying hard) "So mi IGgi prufes tometugo seem THAaffernun."

"Sorry, I didn't quite get it."

(Impatiently): "SO MY ENGLISH PROFESSOR TOLD ME TO GO SEE HIM THAT AFTERNOON." And on with the story. By which time, let us face it, the narrative has become a little constipated: and soon I gave up. My response became feigned, and I was reduced to harmonizing the expression on my face with the inflection of his rhetoric. It had become not a dialogue but a soliloquy, and the conversation dribbled off.

I remarked on the event later to a friend who works regularly with boys and girls of college age. "Don't you understand?" he said. "*Nobody* at college today opens his mouth to speak. They all mumble. For one thing, they think it's chic. For another, they haven't got very much to say. That's the *real* reason why they are called the Silent Generation. Because nobody has the slightest idea what they are saying when they do speak, so they assume they are saying nothing."

It isn't a purely contemporary problem. Two generations ago Professor William Strunk Jr. of Cornell was advising his student E. B. White to speak clearly—and to speak even more clearly if you did *not* know what you were saying. "He felt it was worse to be irresolute," White reminisces in his introduction to *The Elements of Style,* "than to be wrong . . . Why compound ignorance with inaudibility?"

I remember when I was growing up, sitting around the dining room table with my brothers and sisters making those animal sounds which are only understood by children of the same age, who communicate primarily through onomatopoeia. One day my father announced after what must have been a singularly trying dinner that exactly four years had gone by since he had been able to understand a *single* word uttered by any one of his ten children, and that the indicated solution was to send us *all* to England— where they *respect* the English language and teach you to OPEN YOUR MOUTHS. We put this down as one of Father's periodic aberrations until six weeks later the entire younger half of the family found itself on an ocean liner headed for English boarding schools.

Mumbling was a lifelong complaint of my father, and he demanded of his children, but never got, unconditional surrender. He once wrote to the headmistress of the Ethel Walker School: "I have intended for some time to write or speak to you about Maureen's speech. She does not speak distinctly and has a tendency, in beginning a sentence, to utter any number of words almost simultaneously. Anything the school can do to improve this condition [the school did not do very much—Ed.] would be greatly appreciated by us. I have always had a feeling [here Father was really laying it on, for the benefit of his children, all of whom got copies] that there was some physical obstruction that caused this, but doctors say there is not."

Frustrated by the advent of the World War and the necessity of recalling his children from England before they had learned to OPEN THEIR MOUTHS, my father hired an elocution teacher and scheduled two hours of classes every afternoon. She greeted her surly students at the beginning of the initial class with the announcement that her elocution was so precise, and her breathing technique so highly developed, that anyone sitting in the top row of the balcony at Carnegie Hall could easily hear her softest whisper uttered onstage. Like a trained chorus we replied—sitting a few feet away—"What did you say? Speak up!" We did not get on. But after a while, I guess we started to OPEN OUR MOUTHS. (There are those who say we have never since shut them.)

No doubt about it, it is a widespread malady—like a bad hand, only worse, because we cannot carry around with us a little machine that will do for our voices what a typewriter does for our penmanship. The malady is one part laziness, one part a perverted shyness. Perverted because its inarticulated premise is that it is less obtrusive socially to speak your thoughts so as to require the person whom you are addressing to ask you twice or three times what it was you said. A palpable irrationality. If you have to ask someone three times what he said and when you finally decipher it you learn he has just announced that the quality of mercy is not strained, you have a glow of pleasure from the reward of a hardy investigation. So let the Shakespeares among us mumble, if they must. But if at the end of the mine shaft you are merely made privy to the intelligence that the English professor set up a meeting for that afternoon, you are entitled to resent that so humdrum a detail got encysted in an elocutionary gobbledygook which required a pick and shovel to unearth.

I do not know what can be done about it, and don't intend to look for deep philosophical reasons why the problem is especially acute now. . . . I nevertheless suggest the problem be elevated to the status of a National Concern. Meanwhile, the kindergartens should revive the little round we used to sing—or, rather, mumble:

Whether you softly speak
[crescendo] *Or whether you loudly call.*
Distinctly! Distinctly speak
Or do not speak at all.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Our Answer to Sputniks

In a fit of muddled concern for the condition of American public instruction after Sputnik went up, and under the pressure of the educationist lobby, Congress passed that hasty and expensive bit of legislation called the National Defense Education Act. Already the administration of this scheme—carried out by Mr. Lawrence Derthick, Commissioner of Education, who confesses publicly that he never has read *Brave New World* or *1984* —is a prize exhibit in the case against federal interference with education.

Take, for instance, the grandiose program of subsidies for counselling and guidance—which, by the way, has only the most remote connection with any plan for national defense. A Michigan teacher recently wrote to me about his experience with this particular boondoggle.

One Teacher's Story

"I am a high school teacher of history," he says, "having received my degree from one of the Big Ten diploma-factories. I have done graduate work at Ohio State University and Western Reserve, but am finding it very difficult to complete the work required for the master's degree. I have a family of a wife and four children, and it is next to impossible to support them and myself during a summer session at one of the universities. I could take extension work at some nearby city, but the only courses offered are the usual educationist tripe, and a certain sense of honor, and respect for my profession, prevent this. Incidentally, I was asked if I would like to take advantage of the federal government's generosity and go to Michigan State University for some work (?) in counselling and guidance. For this I would receive seventy-five dollars a *week*, plus fifteen dollars for each dependent. I can't get seventy-five *cents* if I want to take courses in my field, history. Why will Uncle Sam subsidize such trash? Who in our government was convinced that counselling and guidance are worth all this expense? I want to be a history teacher, steeped in my subject, not a cut-rate wet-nurse to my students."

Or take the foreign-language-study program under the National Defense Act—which, administered with a lavish hand, sometimes pays graduate students at the upper level more than the professors who instruct them, if one includes allowances for dependents and low-cost housing. Already the educationists of Washington are presuming to tell the language departments of famous universities what and how to teach. The Federal Office of Education has even begun to insist on choosing the students to receive scholarships, regardless of the recommendations of the faculty. At one famous university, recently, the faculty was required to send to Washington the names of all candidates for federal scholarships in language-study; and the bureaucrats in the Federal Office selected the winners without even consulting the list of grades received by the candidates, or the recommendations of the faculty. Several of the candidates chosen in Washington ranked near the bottom of the class, far inferior to other students who also had applied. On what basis, then, were the inferior students selected for federal patronage? Why, on the basis of little statements all candidates have to submit by way of explaining their motives for language-study. If a candidate, employing the proper educationist jargon and Deweyite cant declares that he intends "to teach democracy all over the world" or "spread the American way of life"—why, he's in, chum.

Or take a recent press-release from the Office of Education, proudly announcing that an "Educational Media Research Program is authorized under Title VII of the National Defense Education Act. The Office of Education has made available $3.1 million for this program for the current fiscal year which ends June 30, 1960." What will this $3,100,000 be spent for? Why, for "reviewing proposals by institutions of higher education, local school systems, state departments of education and private non-profit organizations for federally-supported research into the more effective use of such educational media as television, radio, still and motion pictures, and sound recordings." Three million dollars, and more, in less than a year, for *reviewing proposals* to spend more federal funds—and not proposals to improve the quality of instruction, or to restore valuable intellectual disciplines, but rather to encourage the use of more expensive audio-visual gadgets.

What $3 Million Could Do

A fourteen-member Advisory Committee on New Educational Media administers this $3-million annual grab-bag. If one looks at the names of members of this committee, one finds that they are audio-visual apparatus supervisors in city high schools, managers of college television stations, and college administrators of the type approved by the NEA, for the most part.

With $3,100,000, a small committee of able scholars could work a marked reform in American education, and actually do something to help in the defense of the nation. But you may be sure that the Federal Office of Education will take care to avoid any genuinely new media for public instruction. The educationist backwoodsmen would be out of jobs if men of ideas over obtained a foothold in the Office of Education.

True enough, the defense of the American nation, as well as the whole tone of American life, has been weakened by the intellectual and moral decay of our public schools under the doctrinal supremacy of the zealots for "progressive" and "permissive" educational theories. But it is not federal subsidies that can remedy the damage which these gentry have inflicted. With the great sums of money at their disposal, the educationist bureaucrats are doing their best to defend—not the nation—but the redoubts of entrenched Deweyism and yesterday's experimentalism.

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Sophisms—and Some Uneasiness

COLIN CLARK

It is hard for even Liberals, as a recent article in *Fortune* has pointed out, to proceed in two opposite directions simultaneously in economic policy. One view urged by Mr. Keyserling, and now in fact adopted as part of the Democratic Party platform, is that the recent rate of economic growth has not been fast enough, and should be raised to a rate of 5 per cent per annum; which in fact will not be possible of attainment. John Kenneth Galbraith, on the other hand (*The Liberal Hour,* Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) thinks that we are producing too much already, mostly of goods which we do not really need; a view with which one can sympathize, while regarding it as extreme. Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW should in fact seek to take a sane, middle position between these two forms of Liberal extremism.

The worst of Professor Galbraith's sophisms, which will unfortunately attract much more attention than his sensible ideas, runs as follows. He begins by using the highly emotive word "nostalgia" instead of some more objective phrase such as "regard for the past." Handicraft production in households, in the United States at any rate, has disappeared: nevertheless some groups look back "nostalgically" at it. Small businesses are giving place to large corporations; to regret this also constitutes "nostalgia" (Professor Galbraith indeed accuses his fellow Liberals of nostalgia in this respect). By such simple sleight-of-hand he proceeds to dispose of the case for free international trade and convertible currencies, for free-market prices for farm products, for the powers of local and state governments as against the federal government; and finally, of belief in "the family and the church."

Is it really so hard for Professor Galbraith to understand the difference between institutions such as the family and the church, which will last up to the end of the world, and which call for our unyielding support; institutions which we support, with not quite the same degree of certainty, but in the light of our best understanding of the world, such as the free market and the decentralization of political power; and economic institutions now terminated, such as the handloom?

In *The Affluent Society* Professor Galbraith allowed himself to give the impression that the persistent upward trend in prices (wrongly called "inflation," which word is correctly applicable only to the money supply) could not be checked, and does not really matter very much. In the present collection of essays he corrects that impression. He writes with eloquence and sincerity about the manifold injustices which it causes. In essence, it is a transfer of wealth from the weak to the strong. The free entry of imports helps to check this tendency. But Professor Galbraith will give this idea only very qualified support.

He writes a little more favorably about action under the anti-trust acts for checking price rises, and implies that there might be similar legislation about excessive powers of labor unions. But then he draws back. To try to break up excessively powerful labor unions or corporations appears to him a retrograde step. One might respect this view (while disagreeing with it) were it not that he then goes on to propose that prices and wages in certain key industries should be fixed by government decree. This surely is to go several stages further. It would be better, in fact, to break up both corporations and labor unions which appear to have acquired excessive powers; and then to let prices and wages be settled by competition.

The Liberal Hour includes a pertinent essay on "The Decline of the Machine." To the economists of the early nineteenth century, land appeared the most important factor of production; to the economist of the early twentieth century, machinery was the important production factor; now it is becoming increasingly apparent to economists that the most important factor producing national wealth is the energy, skill and education of the people. We need more and better education; this is certainly true. But without stopping to examine the grave charges of waste and misdirection which can be made against the present American system of education, Professor Galbraith calls for a great deal more to be spent; and, of course, through the federal treasury rather than by local authorities.

While adopting the conventionally accepted figures about the rate of growth of Soviet productivity greatly exceeding that of the United States, Professor Galbraith also does mention the opposite case presented by the present reviewer. He shows many signs of uneasiness about the simple-minded "growthmanship" of his fellow Liberals.

PERHAPS the most interesting essay is on "Economics and Art," a lecture given at the New York Museum of Modern Art. The position taken here might be described by many as "extreme conservative." Men busily engaged in competitive industry are unlikely to have much time or inclination for art, whose patronage must come from those with secure, inherited fortunes. Large, powerful, semi-monopolistic corporations that can make money easily, may provide such patronage. He makes quite a convincing case, until he spoils it all by referring to the patronage given to art by successful lawyers. Whatever we may think of the legal profession, there is one thing that is

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quite clear about it: it is intensely competitive. May a foreign observer be permitted to say he is indeed impressed by the part played by the lawyers in the American scene, which indeed might set an example to other democratic countries? They show how a group of well-educated men can give the lead to their fellow countrymen, both in politics and in culture, without in any way departing from the principles of competitive economics, and without claiming any unfair privileges for themselves.

Several thoughtful essays deal with economic history; the recovery of the South after the Civil War was more rapid than was understood at the time. "Was Ford a Fraud?" is rather harsh; at least the decision to pay his labor five dollars a day in 1914 was a bold and wise one. In an essay on the events of the 1920s, Professor Galbraith tries to expiate the glaring defect of his recent potboiler, *The Great Crash, 1929*. His judgment on Mr. Hoover is, in many ways, favorable; but much blame falls upon Coolidge.

There remain some essays of general interest. A man is entitled to change his nationality (Professor Galbraith was born a Canadian), but he should not write a jeering essay about the royal family of which he was once a subject. The book concludes with two charming pastorals, written from his summer home in Vermont, which may even find a place in anthologies of contemporary literature: witty but sympathetic accounts of those who lose money trying to run country inns and to restore abandoned farms.

Chess and Russian Roulette

M. STANTON EVANS

Upon first encounter, B. H. Liddell Hart's *Deterrent or Defense* (Praeger, $4.95) seems a strange and dismal memoir for so famous a soldier. Although offering sporadic counsel on battlefield tactics and organization, the book suffers from acute softening of the military arteries. In places it cannot be distinguished from the melancholy pacifism of a Bertrand Russell or a Norman Cousins. Captain Liddell Hart salutes the mounting hysteria over the H-bomb as "basically sound common sense"; commends neutrality as probably "the most sensible course" for small nations; advises us we can stay in Berlin only at the sufferance of the Kremlin; and respectfully examines the proposal that Great Britain stop trying to defend itself and commence studying how best to endure a Soviet occupation.

As astounding as these views may be, I believe a little reflection will prove them—in a peculiar and limited sense—to be justified. Indeed, the author has reached them through so cogent a display of military thinking as to rebuke the logic of those who, sharing his major premise, cannot bring themselves to acknowledge his conclusions.

That premise is part of the conceptual environment of the West—a sort of strategic aphorism which Liddell Hart did not create and which, given the performance of so many of his colleagues, we can hardly blame him for accepting. It states that America and the Soviet Union are equivalent military powers, locked in a "nuclear stalemate."

Accepting such an impasse as proved fact, Liddell Hart demonstrates, with disturbing clarity, that the stalemate is in fact checkmate, and that it is America's king which is in check. He reasons as follows: A. The Soviet Union has the power to obliterate free world cities at will. B. There is no military value in provoking an attack which will totally destroy the homeland. C. We must be prepared to do things the Soviets' way to avoid such provocation.

All of which, in Liddell Hart's view, makes "nonsense" of Western theorizing about the nuclear "deterrent." Any strategic use of atomic weapons, he argues, will automatically incur a blow in kind; our nuclear strength therefore cannot be invoked to stop any threat less menacing than itself. The strategic arsenals cancel each other out, and the balance of power reverts to the Soviets' ground forces. The deterrent deters, not Moscow, but Washington.

Liddell Hart urges the West to give up its "suicidal" commitment to nuclear weapons, and to start a massive build-up of NATO. If free world divisions form a defensive force on their own account, he feels, we shall be able to hang on indefinitely, conducting interminable negotiations with the Kremlin. The idea is that if we play a waiting game, something or other will happen, somehow, to resolve the cold war.

This advice, like variations of it we hear in this country, ignores the fact that while we in the free world are patiently waiting, the Communists aren't. It takes no account of the variety of aggressive techniques used by the Kremlin—principally subversion and internal revolution—which cannot be countered by NATO or similar alliances, and which are impervious to the charms of marathon negotiation. The "stalemate" concept is even more inhibiting to the West than Liddell Hart himself suggests.

Now the curious thing about this terrible dilemma is that we have, for the most part, imposed it on ourselves. So far as the inquiring journalist can ascertain, the paralyzing image of Soviet might is nowhere supported in the public record. In fact, when pressed on the subject, our high military officials have acknowledged they have no very reliable knowledge of it; instead, they say, they have generally assumed this crucial point as a matter of conscious policy.

The assumption is derived from a traditional rule of military planning —that it is better to overestimate one's enemy than to underestimate him. Among the more subtle military theorists, this ancient principle

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has now been elaborated into an intricate calculus of motivation, designed to chivvy the American people into supporting necessary refinements in our weaponry. We may find our advanced strategists engaged in tenuous speculation about the "vulnerability of the deterrent," the "second-strike force," graduated capabilities, and so forth. For those whose job it is to obtain one or all of these desired improvements from an electorate already groaning under heavy taxation, it seems overwhelmingly important that the image of Soviet might be kept intact.

The trouble is that while all this is being so delicately conjured with, the common mind of the world is surging straight through from "A" to "C"—from the picture of the Soviet colossus, to the insistence that we submit to Soviet outrages. And it is taking Western policy with it. While our strategists debate about refining their weapons, the people of the free world are rapidly being reduced to a cretinous state where they want nothing to do with weapons of any sort. For an alarmingly large percentage of the Western world, the specter of Kremlin "rockets" has finessed the whole concept of resistance—be it nuclear, conventional, or the softest impeachment of diplomacy.

With a good instinct for the "key to the situation," Captain Lidell Hart has reached past the complexities which bemuse our strategists, and seized upon this primordial thrust of mind in all its debasing urgency. By his example, he exposes the fallacy of assuming as fact the major point a determined enemy wants us to believe.

The spectacle of so renowned a military theorist wandering gloomily into the fringes of pacifism should be an object lesson to our "safe assumption" Machiavellis. For too many of the mortals inhabiting this earth, the checkmate represented by "C" is implicit in the opening gambit "A." This does not of itself make "A" false, for the truth may be that we are in checkmate. But it does mean that the crucial question of Soviet capabilities should be decided, not by facile and self-defeating assumptions, but by the hard test of fact.

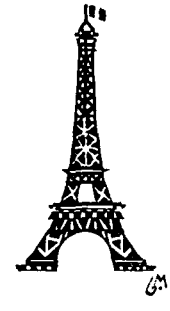
Letter from Paris

The Novel in Crisis

THOMAS MOLNAR

In our day the word "crisis" no longer has a clear meaning, but one may speak, I think, of a crisis of literature, at least in its long-dominant form, the novel. As always in arts and letters, France is significant in this respect. Of all Western nations the French are the most "bourgeois," with ingrained, one could say institutionalized habits—even when it comes to reading. Renowned critics, prestigious juries, old and respectable publishing houses, great literary prizes surround the reading public, prescribing taste and deciding fine points.

Yet there is a crisis in French letters. Browsing in the bookstores of the Boul' Mich, among the dusty volumes of old dealers around the Sorbonne or the Rue Jacob, or along the Seine at the *bouquinistes*, the contrast is evident between the richness of past decades and the thin production of the present. This past spring and summer simply no important novel has appeared, although the components of the machine—editors, authors, book clubs, prizes—occupy their usual posts, and are, in fact, more active than ever, using all the devices of modern publicity.



But the traveler from abroad who wants to replenish his shelves reserved for French literature either remains frustrated, or must shift his interest to other "areas," for example sociology, ethnography and economics, of which there is a growing abundance. There are, of course, many novels on display; but the *nouvelle vague* produces little that is not pornographic and/or boring, and the others continue writing for the university graduates—stories which are lifeless, not really renewed in inspiration and form since Balzac or Proust.

In the long run this situation affects the book trade and the publishers' policies. The answer is one we have begun to see in the United States too; the big and wealthy houses buy up the smaller ones. It is needless to underline the dangers inherent in this trend toward concentration: the growing subservience of authors to the publishing houses. The novelist in the publisher's "stable" is under pressure to produce best-sellers, or at least to continue writing the kind of books which first brought him success. Novels are thus not created by arduous and loving labor, but manufactured with a view to winning this or that prize.

Of course, Balzac and Flaubert in their time complained about the commercialization of literature and art. But in addition to the alarming phenomena they noted, we face today an almost willful destruction of *form* and *meaning* in all manifestations of art and literature. Having no new subject to inspire them, the proliferating second-rate authors attack the very roots of literary expression and seek their thin glory in engendering a kind of *non-literature*. In reality, this too is a genuine enterprise since it reflects the *non-soul* they have within; but quite understandably, the public, outside of those in the know, is puzzled, and turns to the artistically poor play, book or movie, from which, however, it obtains immediate satisfaction.

For some time now the Biennale held in Venice has been a conspicuous example of the professional acclaim that greets "anti-painting" and "anti-sculpture"—as the art critic of *Express* has called it; and this weekly of the leftist intelligentsia is known for its enthusiasm for the "experimental" in art. The prediction of Ortega seems to be materializing: art and literature are irresistibly drawn toward "dehumanization," and the novelist attempts to write "novels which resemble a novel as little as possible."

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Thus it is hardly surprising that among the many light "summer" stories and reissues of yesterday's successes, only four or five young men and women are able to elicit interest and provoke controversy. They belong to the group called *a-littérateurs* by Claude Mauriac, and their names have been in the limelight for the past few years. Many consider their works dry and unreadable, but at least their "experiments" prove conclusively that the novel too can be brought into line with the other manifestations of non-figurative art. They have thus taken the final step to make of the written word, as others make of color and line, a self-sufficient artistic expression, without reference to meaning and human content. It is another question whether this reconditioning of the reader's vision is a commendable undertaking.

Like the Americans, the French too play at establishing best-seller lists, and rating success in Paris and in the provinces of fiction and non-fiction. In fiction, more and more foreign books are found at the top: at present, *The Leopard* of Prince Lampedusa and Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandrian Quartet*. Of the home-produced novels, Michel Butor's *Degrés* is surrounded with the most attention, if not with the most praise. Butor, who last year was a visiting professor at Bryn Mawr College, belongs to the *a-littérateurs* and has published three or four novels conspicuous for their minute description of insignificant objects and events. He claims thus to bring out the poetry inherent in our domestic environment, and to restore our hidden communication with it.

However, literary successes take second place to those of political literature. The French avidly consume writings dealing with the recent past through which history has affected their lives. Best-sellers have been de Gaulle's *Le Salut*; *Secrets of State* by J. R. Tournoux; and *The Fourth Republic* by J. Fauvet, one of *Le Monde's* political commentators. No indiscretion is left unrevealed; while the citizen participates less and less in the shaping of his own destinies, the "wind of history" blowing from the pages of these books continues to fascinate him. The world of illusion that fiction, dry and metaphysically remote, fails to bring him, the reader seeks in the real stories of great men and in the secrets of world events. How else could he be sure that this world is still a living, throbbing thing?

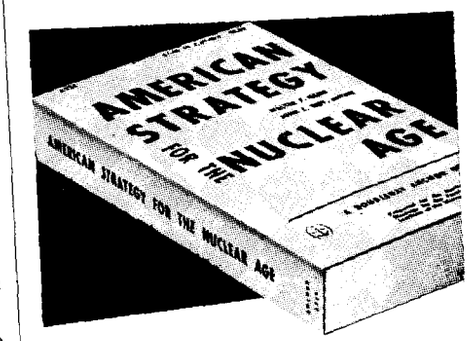
The Milkingest Cow

THOMAS J. ANDERSON

Ezra Taft Benson is possibly the best Secretary of Agriculture this nation ever had. The job has never been as difficult, nor as thankless. Benson has put the good of the nation above selfish temporary advantage for farmers. But Benson is a statesman; he is not an author. His new book, *Freedom to Farm* (Doubleday, $3.95), is largely a factual, non-partisan history of organized agriculture in America, of interest mostly to libraries and professional agricultural people.

"Price-support programs," the Secretary points out, "mean little to the small-scale farmer [more than half our farmers] with not much to sell. If he got several times the present level of price supports, it would not make much difference to him. He still would not have enough at the end of the season for the kind of living all of us should have in America. This entire program hardly touches the problem of rural poverty. . . . The present price-support system was designed to help commercial farmers." There is no doubt that ever since there has been a farm program the rich have gotten the gravy, because when the government gravy bowl runs over, the rich have spoons and the poor have forks.

Then, there is Parkinson's Law as applied to the farm problem: the fewer farms there are to serve, the more money and government workers it takes to do it. The fewer the chicks, the larger the government brooder. Instead of the Extension Establishment being cut down as farmer numbers decreased, the number of workers has grown like Topsy



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and the bureaucracy is now setting out to socialize the suburbanites' solariums. Agricultural experts who formerly told you how to treat Ol' Bess' mastitis now tell you how to treat your parakeet's chest cold; and county agents, once confined to telling farmers how to farm, are now busily engaged with city garden clubs, crabgrass on penthouse patios, and believe it or not, in bringing industry to rural areas. The latter is as appropriate as employing Tommy Manville as headmaster of a girls' finishing school.

There is no "the" farm problem, just as there is no "the" farmer. There are as many farm problems as there are types of farmers. Price supports and controls are only part of the problem and part of the staggering cost of government in agriculture. Modernizing the support-and-control formula would be merely swatting flies when we need to drain the swamp. The gigantic bureaucracy which is devouring more public money than any other department of government except Defense, should be largely destroyed. Reduced to a skeleton, standby basis—"for emergency only."

This reviewer does not share Benson's thesis that the government train is now back on the track, and that the taxpayers will enjoy a smoother and less expensive ride. Mr. Benson's Horatius-at-the-bridge efforts to keep American agriculture from being socialized are terminating soon—in failure. He's spent more money than all other Secretaries of Agriculture combined, has the most employees, and the most socialism. For the first time in history, American farmers have become expatriates, in search of "freedom to farm."

Benson couldn't stop the tide. And Nixon's "farm plan" reportedly would double the Soil Bank, pay more landholders for unfarming, and subsidize big business to develop more markets. Government goodies for everybody from wetbacks to du Pont. Kennedy? He'd double the Soil Bank too, and add to it some version of the Brannan Plan. The Brannan Plan, for those readers who don't know the intricacies of this great Farm Problem, is a plan by which the government will guarantee high prices for farmers and low prices for consumers—and it won't cost anybody anything. It can best be described by the story of the old horse-trader who had a cow for sale:

"This here's the milkingest cow ever been in these parts," he told his farmer prospect. "My wife and five children get all the milk and butter we can possibly use."

No sign of interest by the farmer.

"And my brother and his wife, mother and six children down the road—we give them all the milk and butter they need."

Still no sign of interest.

"See them shoats over yonder? All raised on milk slop!"

"Gee, that cow must eat an awful lot of feed!" replied the farmer.

"Naw, that's the best part of all. Don't eat no feed a 'tall. She just sucks herself!"

Records

The Masses of Victoria

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE MYSTIC does not walk the heavens. He moves on earth among earth-saddened men, though his ear is attuned to God. Teresa was a saint—and a highly practical woman. John of the Cross knew that the dark night of the soul was fallible man's only answer to the incandescent fires of Hell—but his feet touched the baked soil and sharp stones of the Castilian plain. Tomás Luis de Victoria found the mystic's way—but his music reached out to people as they aspired to God. All three were of Avila—Castilian in the austerity of their passion.

That they were contemporaries says something for the Spain of Philip II. It says far more for that outpouring of art which can occur only within the liberating discipline of tradition. Victoria, who knew Saint Teresa and may have known John, was a choirmaster and a writer of masses. His music was the logical and emotional response to the Council of Trent, which sought to eradicate from the liturgy a prevailing secular influence. Unlike his great musical contemporaries — Palestrina, for example—he never transposed for religious use the popular melodies of the day but derived his *cantus firmus* from the older and richer chant of the Church.

His dedication to music was an adjunct to his faith in God—*Servus Christi ardens,* an Italian composer called him—a faith which caused him to leave an important post as musical director of the Collegium Germanicum in worldly Rome to become a resident priest at San Girolamo. When he returned to Spain, he wrote masses for the Court, but served as the organist for the convent of the *Descalzas reales.*

But he was a simple priest only in his devotions. For the music he wrote was more complex and cut deeper to the bone than anything composed by the universally known Palestrina. Sharply moving, yet removed from the temporal voices of men, it was a mystic's expression of man's dilemma. John of the Cross said it more directly in a poem:

¿Qué muerte abra que se iguale
A mi vivir lastimero,
Pues si más vivo más muero?

(What can there be which compares with my sorry life, since the more I live, the more I die?)

Today there is a rebirth of interest in this El Greco of music. The masses which filled the echo-chamber of the Escorial have been recaptured from the musicologists. They may be heard again in their extraordinary color, their elongation of detail, their touching affirmation. Of the one hundred and eighty masses and motets he composed, only a handful can be heard on records. But these few, as they sing of God's glory and man's fate, are enough—just as one El Greco on my wall would be enough.

Victoria's *Officium Defunctorum* (Angel 35668), written for the Empress Mother Maria, is considered his masterpiece. But his lesser known *Missa Pro Defunctis* (RCA Victor LM-2254) is more affecting and expressive. As music, from the first

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statement of the *Requiem eternam,* it is at once more traditional and more innovating. Here the plainchant is carried by the sopranos in long, sustained notes which cry out to the textured polyphony of the other parts. Victoria's vocal lines, thrust apart, then moving together, but never resolved in the concerted cadences of earlier liturgists, mark his style and lead the way to the refinements of Bach's *B Minor Mass.* Two choirs are needed for the *Missa Pro Defunctis*—one to delineate its polyphonic intricacies, the other to carry the plainchant. And both are superbly sung by the Portland Symphonic Choir and the Choir of the Abbey of Mount Angel.

Six shorter excerpts from Victoria share record space (Period SPL 706) with those of Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, a *Domine Jesu Christe* by Juan de Anchieta who wrote and sang for Ferdinand and Isabella, and the early Franco-Belgian Gilles Binchois who set to the same music an *Ave Verum Corpus* and his own *Adieu, mes très belles amours.* But on this record—the singers are the Sistine Chapel Choir—it is Victoria who dominates. The mortal preoccupations and the immortal longings of man come to musical focus in a *Tenebrae factae sunt* from the Good Friday Service which expires with the poignant *Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum* (Then He bowed His head, and yielded up the spirit).

The Mass is a doorway to God—in the shattering accents of a Berlioz, the subtle contemplation of a Haydn, or the sweet plaint of a Mozart. But once the move is made away from the disembodied purity of Gregorian Chant, who better evokes the nature of man's journey than the priest of Avila? For him, eternity was now.

Random Notes

FORTHCOMING FALL BOOKS: *Red Star over Cuba* by Nathaniel Weyl (Devin-Adair) . . . *Rabbit, Run,* by John Updike (Knopf) . . . *Who Killed Society?* by Cleveland Amory (Harper) . . . *Betrayal at the UN, The Story of Paul Bang-Jensen,* by DeWitt Copp (Devin-Adair) . . . *The Smut Peddlers,* by James Jackson Kilpatrick (Doubleday) . . . *The Edge of War,* by James D. Atkinson (Regnery) . . . *The Realm of the Divine,* by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (Harper). *The Anthill, The Human Condition in Communist China,* by Suzanne Labin (Praeger) . . . *What You Should Know about Inflation,* by Henry Hazlitt (Van Nostrand) . . . *Kennedy or Nixon, Does It Make Any Difference?* by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (Macmillan) . . . *The Future of Education,* by Thomas Molnar (Fleet) . . . *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich,* by William L. Shirer (Simon & Schuster) . . . *We Hold These Truths: Catholic Reflections on the American Proposition,* by John Courtney Murray (Sheed & Ward) . . . *Soviet Foreign Policy since Stalin,* by David J. Dallin (Lippincott) . . . *The Watershed: a Biography of Johannes Keppler,* by Arthur Koestler (Doubleday Anchor Books).

With Elizabeth Taylor in the title role and Stephen Boyd as Antony, a new movie, *Cleopatra,* written by Lawrence Durrell, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, and produced by Walter Wanger, is announced for spring . . . The theater version of Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent* opens on Broadway November 17, with Ralph Bellamy, Van Johnson and Hume Cronyn . . . *I Aim at the Stars,* the film based on the life of Wernher von Braun, which has just appeared in the United States, was the occasion of a near riot, led by Young Communists, at its world premiere in Munich.

The New Literacy: More Americans know who said "Hi ho, Silver!" than who said "Give me liberty or give me death"—so reports John M. Fenton, managing editor of the Gallup Poll.

F.S.M.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

DUEL AT THE BRINK, by Roscoe Drummond and Gaston Coblentz (Doubleday, $4.50). Veteran correspondents Drummond and Coblentz have succeeded where many have failed—in painting a fair, balanced picture of the man who almost singlehandedly shaped American foreign policy through seven crucial years. John Foster Dulles is correctly appraised not as "inflexible" or blindly uncompromising, but as a supreme diplomat with heartfelt convictions. Arguing in his behalf, the authors even shade the case a bit too much on the side of "realism": they say he intended not "liberation" of the Soviet satellite regimes, but "containment" of further Communist expansion—not a radical departure from the policies of Kennan and Acheson, but a continuation of them. The reviewer would disagree. There were certainly occasions when Dulles shied away from the concept of liberation—notably the East German uprisings in 1953 and the Hungarian revolution three years later. But Dulles' policy of "brinkmanship" usually had more to offer than Kennan's sterile containment. The landing of troops in Lebanon, the authors observe, "risked Russian counteraction and war." And the orders to sail U. S. warships under the muzzles of blazing Red guns during the 1958 Formosan crisis might well have led to world war—had not Dulles correctly calculated the political and military realities of the situation. W. SCHULZ

THE TRAGIC SENSE IN SHAKESPEARE, by John Lawlor (Harcourt, $3.75). This is a refreshing departure from the codifying of imagery which has occupied Shakespearean critics for so long. Lawlor looks to the play of opposites in Shakespeare's *plots,* and tempts us at the outset with a glimpse of the dialectics of tragedy. But, after a fine essay on the plotting of the Hal-Falstaff conflict, he makes that most fatal of transitions in Shakespeare—from metaphysics to ethics—and soon we are caught

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in the old discussion of "revenge codes." Shaw (who regretted the fact) rightly said Shakespeare's plays do not revolve around moral issues (which is not, of course, to say that they are immoral, or even amoral). Cleopatra did not clean up the slums of Alexandria for Shaw; nor, despite Mr. Lawlor, was Hamlet subconsciously trying to introduce an enlightened code of retribution. Both characters reveal, through acts varied in motive and value, the splendors and darkness of action on a far deeper level. G. WILLS

THE LONG SEASON, by Jim Brosnan (Harper, $3.95). Among other things, the author of this diary of the 1959 baseball season is a star National League relief pitcher, a card-carrying huckster (he writes advertising copy off-season), and a friend of S. I. Hayakawa's. In season, he chews tobacco, reads John Cheever, and once startled a formidable slugger with *"Ils ne passeront pas."* He is the most literate major-league ball player since Morris "Moe" Berg, and his book about baseball is the most absorbing since the death of Ring Lardner—and I take into account all the novels of Mark Harris. Wry, funny and perceptive, Brosnan writes about the game, his teammates, managers, coaches, fans, writers, broadcasters, and his wife. He observes that professional ball players are apt to be letches, lushes, clods, dolts, fools—and that some are not. He has a long-overdue go at pompous, second-guessing sports writers and commentators. His handling of pathos (the last days of Sal Maglie, a rookie being sold to the minors) is way above that in most of the drivel that passes for Sensitive Fiction. Sometimes bored, sometimes lonely, and always professional, Brosnan has written, I think, a very interesting book. And the proof of that, perhaps, is that I share this belief with an acquaintance who thinks the Dodgers play their home games at Ebbetts Field.

N. E. PARMENTEL JR.

GOOD-BYE DOLLY GRAY, The Story of the Boer War, by Rayne Kruger (Lippincott, $8.50). "Bizarre" is as good a word as any to describe the Great Boer War. The handful of weird, anachronistic Boers *attacked* the then (1899) strongest nation in the world. After tremendous cost and effort, the British defeated them *officially,* and merged the Boer republics into the Union of South Africa; but were not the real victors the tenacious Afrikanders, who now rule far more than they lost and, today, defy the world? Mr. Kruger, who is a novelist by trade, tells the story very well. His scattered attempts to point out sociological morals, while somewhat annoying, do not seriously harm an otherwise first-rate, workmanlike job.

J. P. MCFADDEN

WITH DEAREST LOVE TO ALL, by Mary Reed Bobbitt, (Regnery, $5.00). The letters of Lady Caroline Jebb from her nineteenth to her ninetieth year, edited by her grandniece, leave one feeling personally bereft by her death in 1930. As the wife of the eminent classical scholar, Sir Richard Jebb, she was a shrewd and cheerful participant in the life of the important men of letters of her time in Cambridge and Glasgow. Fortunately, her famed graciousness did not extend to the observations set down in her letters. She found that a visiting Harvard professor spoke "like the parts one always skips in books," and she observes that the patience required by Lady S. was her husband's "stepping-stone to heaven." M. B. O'REILLY

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To the Editor

Confused Comrades

The editorial "Polling the Khrushchev Vote" [August 27] is grossly misleading. It is not true that the Communist Party intends to support Kennedy as the "lesser evil." In fact, while this may be puzzling to those conservatives who regard the Communists as possessing a Luciferian intelligence and cunning (albeit in an evil cause), the Communists are hopelessly confused in their stand on this election—more confused than even America's conservatives.

On the one hand, the Communist Party stoutly maintains that Kennedy is by no means a *lesser* evil—that he is an evil equal in degree to Nixon. On the other hand, it warns that it can't sit out the election and do nothing, as this would confuse the broad "labor and Negro masses" who always vote Democratic. Which leaves the CP exactly nowhere—and the very opposite of a keen, decisive vanguard of the proletariat.

New York City MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Compulsory ROTC on the Campus

I found Russell Kirk's column ["Totalitarian Liberalism at MSU," August 27] very interesting. However, I disagree with his apparent conclusion that the movement to end compulsory ROTC is a leftist campaign. Of course, I can't speak authoritatively about the MSU situation, but in Arizona the campaigns for a voluntary ROTC have been largely led by conservatives. . . .

In Arizona, conservative students, citizens, and officeholders are about split down the middle on this ROTC issue, with Senator Goldwater and Congressman Rhodes favoring compulsion, and Governor Fannin, Republican Regent O. D. Miller, and county GOP chairman Don Reese favoring a voluntary program. I understand that in many universities, especially Wisconsin, conservative Young Republican clubs have been leading the campaign for voluntary ROTC. An example of the split is found in the fact that our two Pulliam-owned conservative dailies here are divided on the issue.

As a conservative college student at Arizona State University, I favor voluntary ROTC. Certainly ROTC is a vital program, but the Defense Department has said officially that there is no military need for compulsion. Also, the compulsory elements of ROTC are responsible for about 90 per cent of the cost of the program. Millions of dollars could be saved by switching to voluntary ROTC, without reducing the number of officers produced by the program. Also, compulsory ROTC takes time that many feel could be better spent on academic subjects.

Perhaps the biggest objection is that compulsory ROTC today imposes a double military burden on college students. ROTC students get no draft exemption. Thus college students are subject to both ROTC and the draft, while non-college youths have only a diminishing draft to worry about.

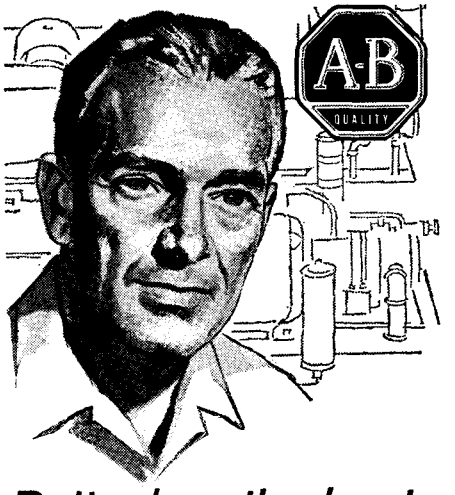
Phoenix, Ariz. GARY PETER KLAHR

South American Pride

A recent editorial ["FHA for Tierra del Fuego?", July 30], relating to the situation and in particular the outlook of people in South America, seems to me to be very much to the point. Inasmuch as you have analyzed the character of the people very well, there is no doubt that "pride" is at the root of much trouble. Most of this is definitely misplaced, and therefore causes an ultra-nationalistic outlook, which under the circumstances in backward countries serves no purpose and retards progress.

The cause of this pride, no doubt, stems from the feeling of inferiority inherent in all races of mixed blood; but perhaps a good remedy for those wishing to help, instead of loans or housing development programs financed by the United States taxpayer, would be to tell the people in this part of the world to buck up and *he'p themselves.* This would create a feeling of security and pride of accomplishment, which might eventually displace that part of pride which is only vanity.

Buenos Aires CARLOS CARO



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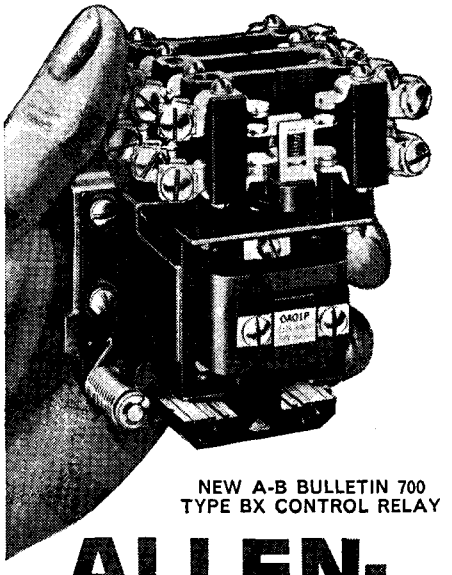

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Population Confusion

I have so much confidence in the judgment of James Burnham that I wonder if I misunderstood his position in "Too Many Too Soon" [August 27]. He says, "on the political side, only police, military or authoritarian solutions are possible."

Is it possible that he prescribes state control of human reproduction in what he calls "the Malthusian third of the world"? Is he advocating a curbing of the parental instinct by sterilization or drastic penal laws?

I can't believe that editors of NATIONAL REVIEW would endorse totalitarian methods. . . .

Golden, Colo. EDW. J. ANDERSON

The report on the "population explosion" described in James Burnham's column is the worst piece of nonsense I have ever seen in NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . Briefly, my objections are as follows:

1. "The controlling event of the twentieth century is the population explosion." It is reliably reported that certain other events have occurred—little things like the Bolshevik Revolution, the discovery of nuclear energy, the exploration of the cosmos; moreover, certain mathematicians have opined that no less than forty years shall be traversed before the twentieth century is over and done. In my opinion, the paper's assertion is a trifle premature.

2. ". . . the 'Malthusian rate' of 2.85 per cent (doubling every 25 years)." Of what validity or relevance is this incantation? Of equal cogency would be the observation that since Matthew Webb of Great Britain took 21.45 hours to swim the English channel in 1875, whereas Vencenlas Spacek of Bohemia required only 10.45 hours in 1926, it follows that every fifty years man becomes 50 per cent less human *but more fish;* therefore, we have a "trans-icthyological" rate of *2.85 per cent (doubling every 25 years)!*

3. ". . . today, many whole nations, *encompassing the majority of mankind,* are crowded" (emphasis mine). Japan, you will agree, is a fairly crowded land; it has slightly less than 645 inhabitants per square mile. Would you not also agree that the District of Columbia is (apart from the doings of certain transient politicians) a reasonably fit area in which to live? Very well, then; the District of Columbia contains 13,150.5 inhabitants per square mile—more than *twenty times* as many as the Land of the Rising Sun. If Japan's population were growing at the questionable "Malthusian rate"—and, significantly, it is not—it would take over a century before it became as crowded as the District of Columbia. Doesn't Japan need farmland on which to grow food? No more than the District of Columbia. Our agricultural surpluses should therefore find markets—by golly, I have solved the farm problem!—and even the report concedes, sadly, that Japan has *already* disproven the Malthusian prediction. The only concrete reason the report offers as to why no other country can do what Japan has managed is—the production of nitrogen for fertilizer. Somehow, I believe, the destiny of mankind will be decided on a rather higher plane than *that.*

4. "In 1947, 52.5 per cent of domestic U.S. investment went to production of the means of production; by 1957 this had dropped to 41.7 per cent." In 1947, gentlemen, American manufacturers were still busily retooling for the civilian market; furthermore, 1957 was the year in which the folly of planned obsolescence became evident. A fit comparison: citing the fact that in 1935, the United States produced $2.9 billion worth of minerals; in 1945, $6.2 billion worth—to show what a friend of free enterprise was Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

5. "The West—particularly the U.S.—sees the solution for the Malthusian third in industrialization with the help of 'foreign aid.' All the evidence shows that this does not and cannot [solve the Malthusian's problems]. . . . For Asia, Africa and much of Latin America, on the political side, only police, military or authoritarian solutions are possible." I concede the right of the report's authors to set up straw men and knock them down. However, I do not think they have any right whatsoever to then announce that they have tried the al-

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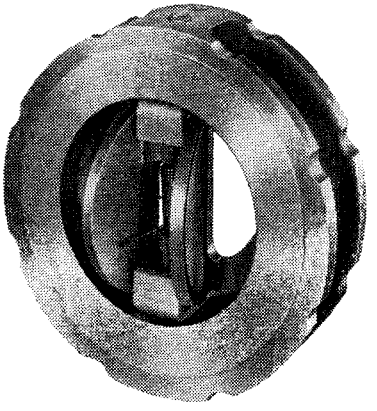

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ternatives and found them wanting. Certainly foreign aid is no solution—but there is such a thing as private industry, private capital, private welfare service. What is wanting is common sense—and uncommon fortitude—on the part of our government. For until our government loosens the bonds of taxation at home and safeguards against expropriation abroad, the average American businessman and investor will be unable or unwilling to step in.

To write off one-third of the earth's people to "police, military or authoritarian" regimes, with the definite implication of compulsory birth control, *à la 1984*, on the grounds that, if foreign aid won't help, nothing will, is *not* the sort of reasoning I would expect from intelligent people.

New York City FREDERICK J. WALKER

Mr. Burnham prefaced his column with a note explaining that the controversial propositions concerning the "population explosion" were put forth in "a remarkable paper presently circulating in certain research institutes and governmental agencies." He neither supported nor opposed the propositions, but merely reported them in the belief that the paper and its conclusions would be of interest to readers of NATIONAL REVIEW*; which they evidently are.* —ED.

Anti-Communist School

I think the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW would be interested in a school on the subject of Communism which was held in San Diego recently, and which this fall is holding classes in several cities.

Among the faculty at the San Diego school were Dr. Fred Schwarz, lecturer and student of Communism for over twenty years; Herbert Philbrick, FBI counterspy who was a member of the Communist Party and author of *I Led Three Lives;* Cleon Skousen, author of *The Naked Communist;* and Richard Arens, Director of the House Un-American Activities Committee. After Mr. Arens' speech, "Pattern of Subversion," nearly four hundred telegrams were sent to Washington supporting his committee. . . .

Our San Diego school had over two thousand registrations. Those who attended all the classes now have a much clearer picture of Communism. The school dispelled many generally accepted beliefs about

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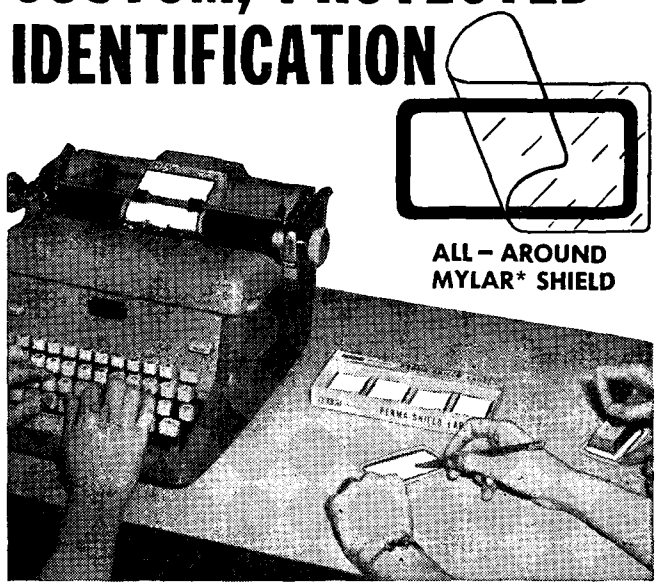

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I am certain that the claim by Mr. Hazlitt and my verification of it should be as least as good as some of the claims coming from the Kremlin.

Downey, Cal. ERIC L. PRIDONOFF

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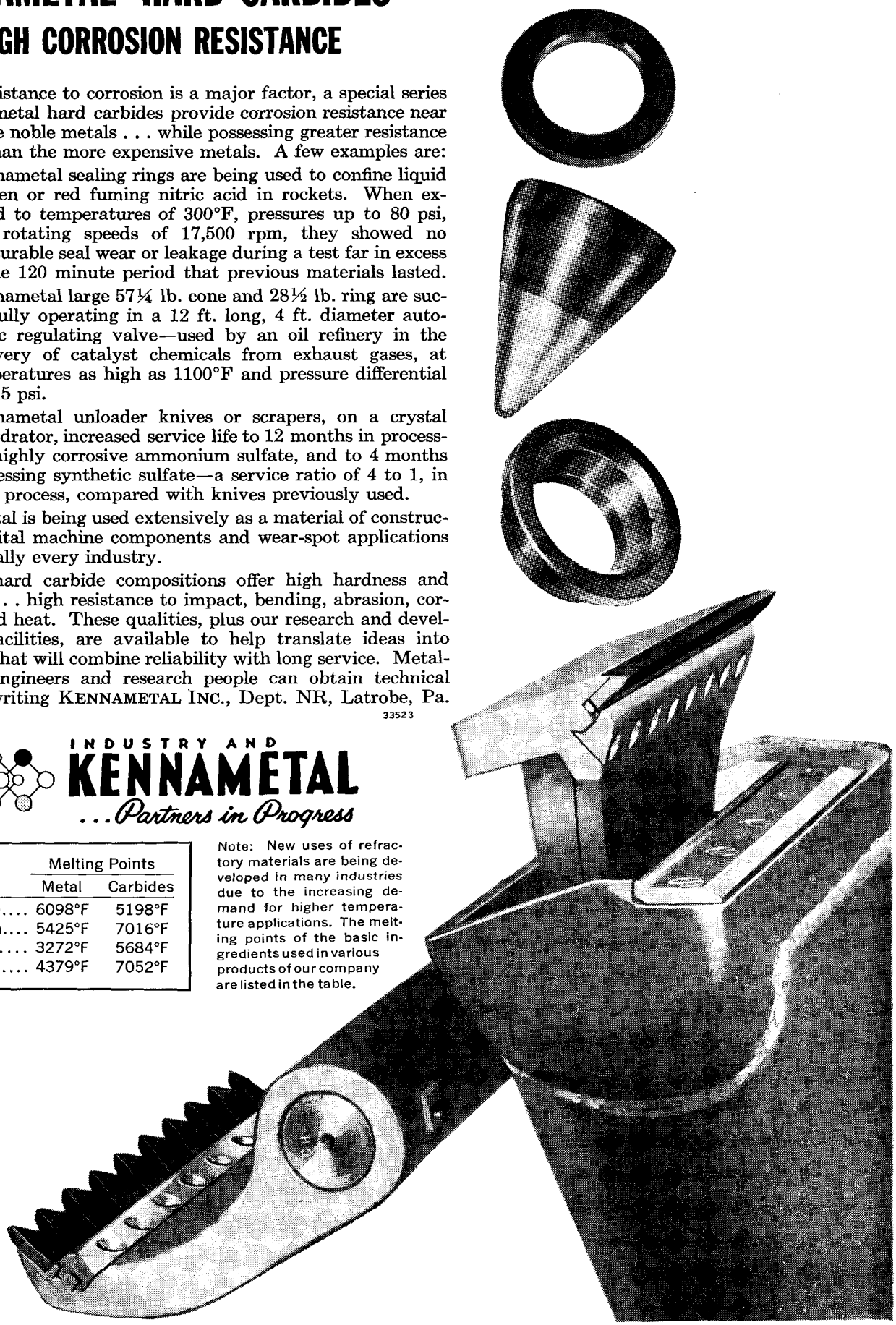

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